TWO UNUSUAL STORIES, "THE MIDFORD MYSTERY" AND "THE RE-CREATING MACHINE," IN THIS ISSUE

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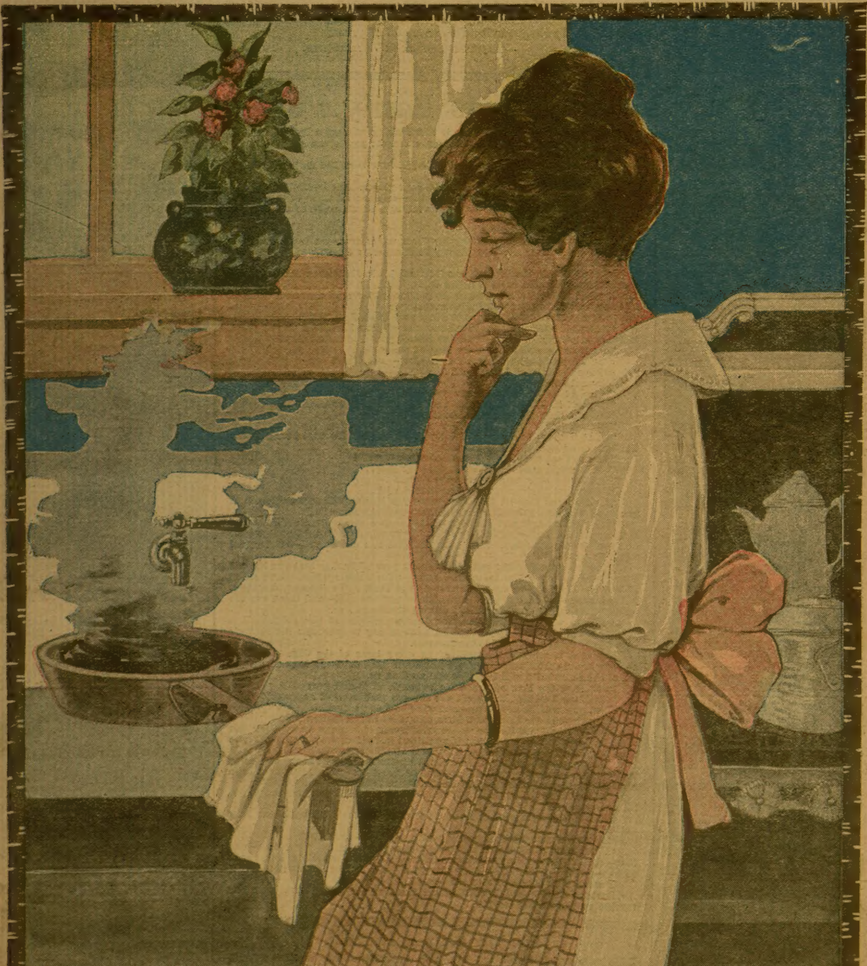
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APART

The days move by, procession sad and slow;
Like monks that look not up, intent on prayer,
Who see not sun nor star nor any fair
Sweet sight that momently makes life aglow
With beauty. Hour by hour they come and go,
Monotonous and maddening; pair by pair
These monks, the days, move on, and fill the air
With dirges, in their garmentings of woe.

For you are far away; it is our fate,
This severance; desire dumbly yearns
To leap the chasm, make the wish come true.
My first, glad wake-time hope is consecrate
To love's renewal, and when sleep returns,
My compensating dreams are all of you.

—RICHARD BURTON *in The Bellman.*

Fear's Fangs Easily Pulled

DID you ever realize that living is like looking at shapes in the clouds? Different people see different things, and most people can see what they are looking for.

Little boys see wild horses and little girls see beautiful dolls with long, curly hair.

It is the same way with shadows in dark places. Easily frightened people and children—they are the same, really—imagine all sorts of things are standing under the staircase on dark evenings, or under trees as they go along the street at night.

And it is sometimes true.

Sometimes things are waiting for them under trees on dark evenings. But what of it? Why don't people say to themselves oftener:

"What of it?"

Look a thing in the face and see it diminish. It diminishes like the cloud shapes fade while the child watches them.

If you could get rid of your fears you would have an enormous amount of energy added to your usual allowance.

Fear saps energy. It drains it away as a leech does blood.

Have you never felt your blood flow out of your heart in a wave? That is equal to pounds of energy running out of your body. And why?

Because of a sudden nervous fear of something.

Fear of a thought; fear of a shadow—fear, fear!

Always the fear of being hurt.

Why not say:

"What of it? What if I am getting old, forsaken—what of it?

"What of it, if I can't pay the rent the first of the month?

"What if they did say that about me?

"What of it?"

"What if there is a man standing silently under the tree in the dark? Let him come out. Let him attack.

"He can't eat me. Nothing can eat me, after all!

"Let it all happen—here I am, just the same!"

That is the only way to get over fear.

It is to not resist it; not to be afraid of it.

Stand up and face it; let it pass over you like a tidal wave; when it is gone you will find yourself standing there just the same.

It is fighting fear and resisting it that makes you stronger. Harboring it encourages it and lets it grow in you. Take any fear-thought and go over and over it in your mind. How your energies run out of you—leaving you weak as water.

Take the same thought and admit it as a possibility. Say that you haven't the rent ready to pay, for instance. And you don't know where you're going to find it. Look at the consequences; accept them as unpleasant, certainly, but not mortal. Let the worst come, there you are still—and there are the children, and there is always the renewed chance to live.

And you will find that your fear leaves you—leaves you calm.

Leaves you with strength to think out the way to overcome the obstacle—and to conquer the world at the moment.

For that is what is required of us every hour of the day. It is to conquer the world afresh. And we can do it each time—so long as we get rid of the fear that would befuddle and weaken us.

Look it in the face with scorn and laugh at it and say:

"Well, what of it? You can't eat me—no matter what happens!"

Then you will be grown up—and near to being a god.

For the gods are those who have outgrown and forgotten fear.

To finish up, just to give you a wholesome last scare by showing you what is likely to happen to you if you don't get rid of fear, I will tell you what happened to my cook, Mamie, who is afraid of snakes.

As long as she's been on the farm she's refused to go out in the garden or take a walk along the road on account of her fear. "But Mamie," I have argued, "there aren't any snakes around here. I've never seen one!"

"Oh, yes, they is; I'm sure an' certain they is! I'm not goin' out to get bit by no snake!"

The other morning when I came down to the kitchen Mamie was very excited.

"Now, what you think done happen to me?" she exclaimed.

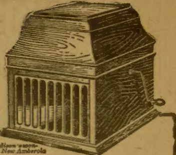
"I went down my cellar way this mornin' to fetch up my cream—and thar—comin' in towards me from the cellar doah was a great big, long snake as big—as big— I jus' knew they was goin' to be snakes in this garden!"

Perhaps Eve long ago said the same thing to Adam.

Perhaps if Eve hadn't been afraid there would never have been any trouble or fear in the world!

She Was Sixteen, He Fifty.

HIS wife had died and left him with an embarrassing number of half-grown youngsters. He couldn't afford a housekeeper, but he could a wife and when she was forced into marriage with him her youthful heedlessness exasperated him and he beat her indiscriminately with his unruly youngsters and she lived a life of brutal treatment and scant food. Is it any wonder she rebelled and seized her own freedom and the opportunity to live as she sees fit? This is the basis of "Which Man Shall Pay?", a story that will be published complete in the next issue of the Ledger and until the very last you are kept wondering how it is going to come out.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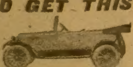

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The Re-Creating Machine

By William H. Kofoed

Did you ever hear of a machine that would reproduce on films what you were thinking of? Laugh, if you will, but stranger things have happened, and this story will make you think if it does nothing else.

I.

VIVIAN ARLO should have been in bed. That she wasn't was due to a myriad delightfully disturbing thoughts of a certain young lawyer who had kissed her that night. She sat by the library window, looking over the shadowy suburban landscape to where the lights of the city gemmed the horizon. Justin lived somewhere in that maze of buildings and electric lamps. She wished she were with him.

For more than an hour impatient footsteps had paced the floor above; but heavy rugs muffled them, and Vivian was too preoccupied to be at all observant.

The pacing ceased. After an interval some one strode into the darkened room. A push-button snapped, and the daintily harmonious furnishings slid into view.

Startled out of her reverie, the girl got to her feet.

"Did you want me, dad?" she asked softly.

Her guardian nodded.

"You're not ill?" inquired Vivian, solicitously.

"No, but—blast it, I can't sleep! I would like to talk with you," declared the stocky, middle-aged man, in an unnaturally hoarse voice. He avoided her gaze, looking past her thru the open window into the night.

"I'm sorry insomnia's troubling you again."

Silently John Clarke Rolland swung toward the massive library doors. He closed them, locked them. Then came to the center of the room. Vivian regarded him curiously.

He stood, legs wide apart, shoulders sloped, and arms hanging like an ape's. His eyes burned beneath their bushy brows, and burned brighter as they took in the beauty of her.

Uneasy, tho not yet aware of the significance of his intrusion, Vivian went again to her chair by the window.

"What," said she, "shall we talk about?"

"Have you no idea?"

"None. My mind is blank."

"I don't believe it. Your silly head is full of Justin Lewis—has been for weeks."

His tone was a shade too sharp to be overlooked. Vivian's surprise mounted. She had never seen her guardian in such a mood. Further, she was hurt by Rolland's disparaging reference to "her lawyer."

"Yes?" she said, evenly, tho the tears lay close behind her lashes. "And if my mind has been full of Justin Lewis—what of that?"

He ignored the question. "I saw you on the veranda tonight—you and Lewis. The moonlight, a porch swing, and—oh, I know the game! And it's got to stop. This is the third time in a week that that blasted verbalist has called on you——"

Vivian, stung to defiance, arose and faced the bushy-browed man. "And it won't be the last," she informed him. "Tomorrow Justin and I will attend The Glass Slipper at the Orpheum, and—and the following evening——"

"There will be no following evening!" thundered Rolland. "You may go tomorrow, but make it your parting——"

He strode toward her, placed his arm about her waist—and the fierceness in his eyes faded.

"You know I love you, Vivian," he whispered. "You know I think the world of you."

She mistook the nature of his words; she had never dreamed of sentimental affection from him.

"You didn't talk as if you cared for me," she pouted, and for an instant her soft cheek rested on his shoulder. "You talked almost as if you were—jealous."

Two crimson spots suddenly burned in Rolland's cheeks. He breathed thickly.

"I am jealous!" he flared, and wrapped his ape arms around her. "I am jealous! I have been ever since you were old enough to meet with men. For God's sake, don't you understand, Vivian? I want you not as a ward—not as a daughter—but as a wife!"

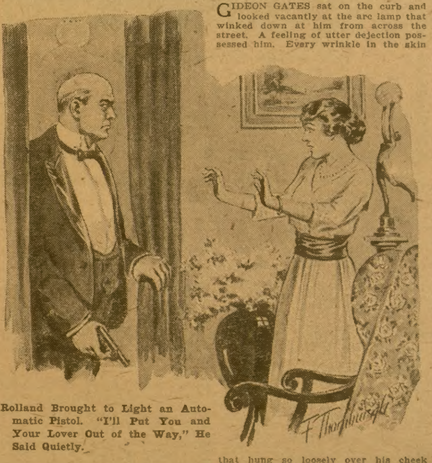
Vivian struggled to free herself. And Rolland looked down into eyes that were as full of fear as his were of longing.

By a quick, dexterous move, she wrenched away from him, and ran to a far corner of the room, putting the library table between them. Her face was white. Her body, alive with fright, set the lace on her bosom aquiver.

"Oh, dad—dad!" she gasped, reproach, and growing repulsiveness mingling in her tone. "Why do you act this way?"

Rolland stamped toward her, but paused by the side of a Morris chair and seated himself on its arm. His bushy brows met in a sullen V.

"I love you," he repeated. "I am going to marry you."



Rolland Brought to Light an Automatic Pistol. "I'll Put You and Your Lover Out of the Way," He Said Quietly.

Vivian, who had a spirit of her own, was stirred to anger by the positiveness of his declaration. She laughed hysterically.

"After your demonstration tonight," she cried, "you're chances aren't what I should call promising."

He felt the sting of her scorn, voicing it in his next statement. "You may as well drop this air of independence. You know, Vivian, I usually get what I want."

He dipped a hand in his coat pocket, and held it there. "I've tried to fight off my passion for you," he confessed, and Vivian, trembling in her corner, saw that he was beyond the reasoning stage. "But it was quite impossible—you've grown so pretty these past few months. Yet I made the attempt. No one can deny that. I've spent nights pacing the floor——"

He paused, tense with the memory of his inward conflict. Then: "It's over. You've simply got to do as I say. Tell that Lewis chap—tomorrow night—that you're thru with him——"

"And—if I refuse to do as you say?" whispered Vivian.

Rolland drew his hand from its hiding place in the pocket of his coat, and slowly brought to light an automatic pistol.

"I'll put you and your lover out of the way," he said quietly.

"You're mad—mad!" sobbed the girl.

Rolland was silent. Several minutes passed. He turned the revolver over in his hand, studying it.

"I'll protect myself," choked Vivian. "I warn you——"

The bushy-browed man walked to the door, opened it, and stood for a moment on the threshold.

"Go to bed," he commanded. "You will need sleep. Tomorrow you begin work on your trousseau.

II.

GIDEON GATES sat on the curb and looked vacantly at the arc lamp that winked down at him from across the street. A feeling of utter dejection possessed him. Every wrinkle in the skin that hung so loosely over his cheek bones emphasized the lowness of his spirits. The corners of his thin lips pointed gutterward. His long, lean form drooped as tho he were a twin brother of Atlas, with another world propped in the hollow between his shoulder blades.

Appearances to the contrary, Gideon still cherished a hope of the ultimate success of his latest and greatest invention—the re-creating machine. This sensitive apparatus, calculated to take down the mental-impressions of folk in its vicinity and re-create them into pictures, must certainly gain recognition if but put to the test. Aye, there was the rub! If but put to the test. Corporation officials would have none of it, would not even lend an ear to Gideon's wild claims.

The human scarecrow on the curb sighed, tore his eyes away from the arc lamp, glanced up the deserted street, then down, and concluded by centering his attention on a newspaper-wrapped package which lay across his knee.

He unwrapped it and gazed upon his invention with paternal fondness. Poor thing! It had never had a chance to perform before an audience.

Gideon tinkered with the mechanism, touched a tiny lever, adjusted a screw, and the thing was set to take his own thoughts.

The irony of it! His lips twisted into a weird smile. The machine was taking down thoughts on its own failure to win recognition.

Gideon Gates reviewed the happenings of a month. During that brief period every cent of his meager savings had gone into railroad fares that carried him from one city to another, from one corporation office to another—from one turn-down to another.

And now he found himself in one of the largest cities of the lot. And he hadn't the price of a wrapper on a stick of chewing gum, let alone the stupendous sum required to lease a bed for the night. He had only his instrument.

A huge motor car tore by. The draught of it nearly took Gideon's hat off. Something whirled across the street and came to rest in the gutter. Gideon stooped and laid lean hands upon the object.

It was an automatic pistol!

Gates unlimbered himself and by degrees attained his feet. He bent over the revolver, studying it with near-sighted eyes. His wrinkles shaped themselves into question marks.

The soft clump, clump of rubber heels bore down upon him. A helmet-topped face leaned over his shoulder, and the heavy voice of a policeman boomed in his ear: "Wadda y' got there?"

"It looks like a gun," ventured Gideon. "I—I found it in the gutter."

"Oh, is that so, now?" sneered the bluecoat. "A likely place t' find a gun, ain't it?"

"But—I give you my word——"

"Who're you?"

"My name is Gideon Gates."

"Well, Gid, I'll have t' ask y' t' stroll aways with me. Carryin' a thing like that is against th' law in this town."

"I protest!" sputtered Gideon. "I am a peaceable, well-meaning——"

"Boob," finished the policeman. "Come along."

Gideon went.

While standing at the patrol box, awaiting the arrival of "the wagon," the inventor sought to reason with his captor. Effort wasted. The officer ignored him.

A small crowd of night stragglers gathered around. They stared long and earnestly at Gideon Gates, who was a unique piece of human architecture. Gideon rocked uneasily on his huge, flat feet, and strove to appear unconcerned by squinting thoughtfully at the arc lamps that lined the street.

A handsome young man in evening dress bustled by, looked over his shoulder, paused, came back. Gideon saw that the newcomer was of the square-jawed, virile type called athletic.

"What's wrong, officer?" queried the young man. His voice was pleasant, tho a bit husky. Gideon took heart. Here might be a friend.

His highness in brass buttons bent a supercilious gaze upon the inquisitive youth. The youth did not shrink as he should have done in the presence of the law. Yet there was nothing in his attitude with which to quarrel. "Carryin' concealed deadly weapons," replied brass buttons, briefly. He indicated the automatic, which bit of evidence he held in his hand.

"It wasn't concealed at all," contributed Gideon. "I picked it out of the gutter."

"Shut up!" said the policeman.

The man in evening dress eyed the revolver, thru narrowed lids; then turned abruptly and walked off. Gideon's hopes crashed to earth.

A gong sounded. The clatter of the approaching "wagon" filled the night.

As Gideon stepped into the detested conveyance, he wondered vaguely how this peculiar adventure of his would culminate. He would not bring himself to believe that he would be found guilty of the ridiculous charge which had been preferred against him.

Gideon Gates awoke next morning in a long, narrow cell that matched his own peculiar proportions. He thought first of his re-creating machine, and was groping sleepily for it when he remembered that it had been taken from him by the night sergeant.

That day's events occurred with such startling rapidity as to remain, ever after, hazy in Gideon's mind.

They hustled him here; they hustled him there; and with his weak, near-sighted eyes he had great difficulty discerning one official from another. He was bewildered. He couldn't quite understand the intricate machinery of the law.

Groups of men surrounded him, wagged pencils at him, flourished notebooks in his face, and showered all sorts of foolish and irrelevant questions upon him. Later he learned they were reporters.

"Are you an anarchist?" "Have you a grudge against society?" "What prompted you to do this thing?" "How long did you lie in wait?" "Have you served time before?" "Where were you born?"

And so on. They came at him with the rapidity of machine-gun fire, and not until the officers interfered and led him from that room to another did he regain the breath lost in gasping answers.

Court officers were very watchful of every move Gideon made. They acted toward him as tho he were a great catch—a noted criminal.

During the long moments he awaited his turn in the dock, some one was kind enough to slip a morning paper in his hand.

Eagerly, he scanned the front page. Giant headlines greeted him:

"JOHN CLARKE ROLLAND, FINANCIER, SHOT DEAD WHILE MOTORING THRU CITY.

Stock Broker's Body Found Seated at Wheel of His Touring Car."

Gideon Gates perked his head into the air. A uniformed man, stationed nearby, had nudged him. He heard his name sung out, and with it the words: "Charged with the murder of John Clarke Rolland!"

III.

THE peculiar look of surprise attendant with horror that crossed Gideon's bony features would have been laughable but for the seriousness of the situation. No one laughed; no one even smiled as the inventor's attenuated legs propelled him to the prisoner's dock. The courtroom was hushed, the spectators awe-struck.

Of course, he pleaded not guilty, but that did not affect the court's attitude toward him. Circumstances were unquestionably against him. The caliber of the bullet probed from the body of John Clarke Rolland corresponded with the caliber of the revolver found in Gideon's possession. The size of the weapon suggested a desperate owner. And the prisoner's evident poverty strengthened this theory.

At that moment the case again Gideon Gates was clear and well defined. An odd character, believing or simulating belief in an outlandish invention, had spent long weeks pestering moneyed men for interviews which were never granted him. Stranded at last in a big city and goaded by hate for the wealthy classes, he had planned the motor hold-up. John Clarke Rolland, a man with money, dash, spirit, and a devotion to driving his own car, proved the unlucky victim. Mr. Rolland is night-riding—a favorite pastime with him. Gideon blocks the deserted street, levels his automatic at the lone autoist, and demands cash. John Clarke instructs him to come closer, which he does. Rolland strikes, and Gideon pumps a bullet into his lungs. While going thru the financier's clothes in search of greenbacks, Gates is startled by distant footsteps. He flees the place, but is "accidentally" apprehended, not far from the scene of the crime, by an officer who discovers a weapon upon him. Meanwhile, the body of John Clarke Rolland lies slouched at the wheel of his car, until some two hours later, when passers-by returning home from a midnight frolic discover it.

Gideon was the culprit—of that there was not the shadow of a doubt. Already every one looked upon him as a dead man—saw him in "the chair" with the metal cap upon his head.

He was held, without bail, to await the action of the coroner's jury. He went to his cell in a daze.

That afternoon they subjected him to the most barbaric of police methods—the third degree. And, curiously, this relic of the inquisition, rather than leading Gideon to false confession, stiffened his spine and cleared his head and brought him to a realization of the fight he must make for his life.

He was without counsel—without funds necessary to retain even a mediocre lawyer. They would no doubt give his case to a court attorney who, thru lack of sympathy, would make little effort to establish the prisoner's innocence. Gideon thought of this and thought, too, of the rapidity with which his case would be disposed of, unless something was done.

Gideon sat on his cot, thinking. The far-away sound of opening and closing cell doors alone broke the stillness. The place was as dreary as a summer resort in the dead of winter. It took a day for an hour to pass.

Footsteps boomed down the corridor, pausing by Gideon's cell. A key quarreled with the lock. The door swung open. A guard entered, followed by a clean-cut young fellow in tweeds.

Gideon Gates saw that it was the athletic-appearing man, who, only the night before, had paused at the patrol box and inquired into the cause of his—Gideon's—arrest.

The lean inventor arose and held out his hand. "Good day," he said, "I'm glad to see you."

The newcomer grasped Gideon's hand and murmured a greeting in return, ignoring, however, the subtle inference of their having met before.

"I read of your plight in the papers," he returned, in a pleasing, confidence-inspiring voice that Gideon liked. "They say you are without counsel. I have come to volunteer my services."

"But I am quite penniless——"

"Money is of no consequence to me. I shall be sufficiently repaid if I succeed in freeing you—of clearing your name of a crime which I do not believe you committed."

Gideon's nearsighted eyes were a bit watery. This practical working of the altruistic spirit moved him as he had not been moved in months.

"Your name?" he begged.

"My name? Oh, it isn't a big one! I am a comparatively new member of the profession. You've never heard of Justin Lewis, have you?"

Gideon admitted that he hadn't.

They sat down, and arranged a tentative defense.

IV.

THE cleverest detective on the murder squad was assigned the Rolland case. He straightway sought Gideon Gates, and for two hours grilled that weedy suspect unmercifully.

Gideon was constantly aware of the detective's efforts to trip him up; and he became so vigilant and so fearful of missing the point of a question that he was bathed in a cold perspiration.

"You admit, then," pursued the investigator, "that you were assisted in this attempted holdup by another individual——"

"I admitted nothing of the sort!" gasped Gideon. "How could I have an accomplice in something I did not do. I tell you, I am innocent——"

"Don't be a fool. If your little partner pulled the trigger, why go to the chair in her stead?"

"Her?" The inventor was dumfounded.

"Yes, her! Come, come. I'm wise to you——"

"But I don't know what you're talking about." Gideon's surprise was so unaffected that his questioner uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Here! Look at this. Do you recognize it?" The detective extended his hand. In the palm of it lay a ruby-studded comb.

Gates peered at the thing, looked up, and wagged his head in denial. "Never saw it in my life before. It's a woman's comb, isn't it?"

He of the murder squad swore colorfully. "You're in a tight place, my man," he concluded. "My advice is that you turn State's evidence and seek whatever immunity may be lying around loose."

"I told the truth," insisted Gideon, "when I pleaded 'not guilty.'"

The detective bored him with an unswerving eye, then abruptly changed his attitude. "I believe you," he returned, placatingly. "I was the first man from headquarters to reach the scene of the murder. I found a rear door of the automobile only partly closed—as tho it had been slammed in a hurry but failed to catch. Further than this, I discovered evidences of a struggle in the tonneau of the car. On the floor were a number of hairpins, and the comb. Now I am speaking frankly with you, Gates. I know there is a woman in this case. I am of the opinion that she did the dirty work. If this is so, and you know it, why do you shield her? Is it sensible—allowing such a crime to be fastened upon yourself? Is it an honorable sacrifice to be put to death when——"

Gideon threw up his skinny hands in despair. "I am more bewildered than ever!" he cried. "I know of no woman. I know nothing at all concerning this whole miserable affair. I picked the revolver out of the gutter. The officer found me with it. He told me I was under arrest for carrying a deadly weapon——"

The detective chewed his lips in anger. "Either you're the greatest actor in the world or you're so innocent that you look guilty," he sneered. "And I am inclined to believe the former."

Two days passed; then occurred probably the most startling incident, from a public point of view, of any so far recorded. Vivian Arlo, John Clarke Rolland's charming ward, was arrested on suspicion. The ruby-stubbed comb which Detective Harrigan had discovered on the floor of the financier's car, had been identified as her property. Confronted with this fact, she had refused to talk. As for an alibi, she had none. Her whereabouts and the manner of her activity on the night of the murder became a part of the mystery.

Gideon's trial approached. The jurors were being impaneled. The newspapers carried the tale of it into every city home.

Detective Harrigan continued his investigations. He was busy with new clews. However, in spite of the swarm of reporters that daily gathered around him, he refused to be quoted on any aspect of the case.

Gideon's lawyer, Justin Lewis, spoke of these things while in consultation with his client. Gideon liked the youthful barrister. He had, at first, placed every confidence in him. But as time went by, a change had come over Lewis—a change that Gideon could not understand. It manifested itself shortly after Miss Arlo's arrest. Since then, the lawyer had lost his former spirit. He grew moody and depressed, and was often so forgetful as to exhibit these fear-impelling lapses before Gideon.

Little wonder, then, that Gideon was downcast during the last consultation that took place before the trial. He sat on his cot, knees spread fan-wise and head bobbing between them, and answered a meager "yes" or "no" to Lewis' questions, while the burly guard at the door yawned sleepily.

Lewis had talked perhaps twenty minutes when the guard fell back to allow a party of three men—Detective Harrigan and two bluecoats—to enter the cell.

Lewis arose and faced the intruders. His face was white, and set, as tho chiseled from marble.

"Well?" he inquired of Harrigan. "What do you want?"

"I want you," said the cleverest man on the murder squad. "Perhaps, after all's said and done, neither Miss Arlo nor our friend Gid pulled the trigger that sent John Clarke Rolland to Kingdom Come!"

V.

DESPITE the excessive temperatures that visited the city on the day of Gideon's trial, not a vacant seat was visible in the courtroom, and already the crowds turned away exceeded those admitted.

When Gideon was led in all whispering ceased, and a sea of heads billowed this way and that to get a view of him. Justin Lewis received a similar reception, but these were as nothing compared with the one accorded Vivian Arlo.

The three suspects were directed to seats; and then it was that Gideon, who had again come to look upon himself as without counsel, was informed that Justin Lewis would defend not only himself, but Miss Arlo and Mr. Gates as well. In spite of the startling turn events had taken, the inventor was somehow relieved by this news. He dreaded having his case handled by a court attorney.

The officer who had arrested Gideon was the first to testify. "I found him standin' by th' curb," explained brass buttons, importantly. "He was holdin' th' gun in his hand and starin' at it as if he didn't know whether to keep it or throw it away. I ups and grabs him by the collar and tells him he's under arrest. A' course he kicked, but I walked him t' th' patrol box—an' next day I was told that that very gun had did a job only three blocks from the spot where I'd nabbed the Gates fellow."

All this was very detrimental to Gideon's cause, yet it was seen, as the varied witnesses were examined, that the prosecution was weakening its case by an evident desire to implicate the entire trio, rather than centering on Gideon alone, as had been the original intention.

Several sportive gentlemen who had attended a performance of The Glass Slipper at the Orpheum theater on the night of the Rolland murder were now heard. The most talkative individual of this group told a very interesting story.

"We had emerged from the lobby and were standing on the sidewalk, lighting cigarettes, when a twelve-cylinder Speedster rolled up to the theater entrance and stopped almost at our elbows. 'There's John Rolland's six-thousand-dollar gas-cart,' said Jimmy Barton to the rest of us. 'They say he can get ninety miles an hour out of her without any trouble at all. How does she strike you, fellows?' We looked her over from where we were, but didn't draw nearer because Mr. Rolland was at the wheel. Just then a couple—that couple—" the witness pointed to Vivian Arlo and Justin Lewis—"came out of the theater, and Mr. Rolland beckoned them. The lady seemed to hold back, but her escort drew her to the side of the car, and Mr. Rolland said, 'Jump in. It's too early to go home.' I heard the lady protest that she was tired, but the man in the car overruled her objections. After the couple had seated themselves Mr. Rolland half turned and called to the younger man, 'I understand, Mr. Lewis, that you have driven a Speedster before?' Lewis admitted that he had, whereupon Mr. Rolland urged that he take the wheel. The slowness of Lewis' movements in changing seats indicated a natural dissatisfaction with the plan; yet the change was made and the car driven away."

Here was an important revelation. Every spectator involuntarily stiffened. Rolland's pretty ward and her admirer enmeshed in the net! But where did Gideon Gates fit in? Somehow or other he seemed detached.

The district attorney arose. He was a very cold and very deliberate man, with a long, intellectual nose and eyeglasses that tilted outward in a most accusing manner.

"The problem now seems to be," he rasped, "just what became of Miss Arlo and Mr. Lewis between the hours of 11 p. m. and 1:30 a. m., when the murder came to light. In my opinion," he turned his accusing bifocals on Vivian and grew purposely irritating, "in my opinion Mr. Justin Lewis—who is a new member of the profession and, therefore, no doubt a struggling one—drove or directed the Rolland car to that preconceived spot where the man Gates lay in wait——"

Altho these words were uttered with the clearly apparent purpose of drawing Vivian out, no one, from the spectators to the district attorney himself, expected the scene that followed.

Before Lewis could formally object to the character of the remarks, Vivian gained her feet and the leash which had held her in check for weeks broke, and her version of the story tumbled out before the jury, just as the district attorney had hoped it would.

"Wait!" blazed the girl. She faced the district attorney, and it was plain that she had forgotten the presence of every one else. "I refuse to allow you to continue these false accusations. Neither Justin nor Mr. Gates was responsible for Mr. Rolland's death. Nor was I——"

The D. A. sought to interrupt. Vivian, stamping one little foot angrily, rushed on: "Listen to me. The day before John Clarke Rolland died he threatened to take my life—and Justin's, too—unless I dropped Mr. Lewis and married him. He—oh, I can't tell you how brutally he talked to me! He gave me one day to break with Justin——"

Justin was frantically signaling her to stop. His efforts were in vain. She was her own lawyer now. She had taken the case out of his hands.

"The revolver you found on Mr. Gates belonged to my guardian. He showed me it—that is why I grew frightened when he came to the theater for us in his car. I knew there would be trouble, and I felt surer of it after he had asked Justin to drive, yet I was afraid to protest. At first, on the lighted and well-filled streets, it wasn't so bad, sitting alone with Mr. Rolland, but as the crowds dwindled a restlessness seemed to take hold of him. For a brief while he appeared to fight it, then——"

She broke down, covered her face with her hands. The almost frantic calmness with which she had told the beginning of the tale deserted her. A court attendant led her to a seat. Justin hovered by, soothing, consoling.

The district attorney removed his glasses, polished them with an immaculate handkerchief, and returned them to his beaklike nose at a more accusing angle than before.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't believe this half-tale of Miss Arlo's. It has weak spots suggestive of a fiction product. One would almost be led to believe that Mr. Lewis and the lady had got together previously and fabricated the thing. She has no witnesses in her favor—no proof——"

At that most propitious moment, Gideon Gates had an inspiration, and before the D. A. could continue, six feet three inches of skin and bone had arisen before the court and cried:

"Proof? Proof? I'll give you proof."

(Continued on Page 18.)

MOTHER'S SMILE

Out of the golden hopes my years have known,
Out of the blessings loss and grief have shown,
One memoried joy, undimmed, remains the while.
Close, close to me—my mother's loving smile.

Wee babe, mine own—so mighty yet so weak,
Oh, little nestling hands of thee, my sweet!
Teach me to live that, in the years to be,
Thou, too, mayst hold in cherished memory
Among the blessings life has proved worth while.
To keep forever dear—thy mother's smile.

—ISA L. WRIGHT *in People's Home Journal.*

The Midford Mystery

By Margaret Weymouth

ONE mysterious thing follows another in this story of life today, and if you can guess the solution before you read it you will be angry with yourself for spoiling a most absorbing tale.

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CHAPTER I.

I KEPT hanging around the fraternity house that fall, loath to go home. I'd been in college five years, spending my summers in field work, but it looked as if I'd come to the end of my string. I had been graduated in June, and all summer Bret and I had traveled around the country with a corn exhibit like two men with a pink monkey, and now I was back, helping with the fall rushing, and trying to make up my mind to go home.

But there wasn't any mistaking my father's last letter. It gave me orders, so I gave all the fellows the grip, and took the train for Midford. My father was at the station, and when I looked into his bearded face, with the kindly eyes, and realized with a shock how old he was getting, I was a bit ashamed of my laziness. He gave me a great hug, and I felt a boyish rush of love for him, and almost kissed him, in spite of his beard, and my own twenty-four years, and Bachelor of Science degree.

But you can imagine how disgruntled I felt when my father led me up to the same old rig and the same shabby old mare that had been in the family some twenty or thirty years.

"I suppose now you can take hold of the farm, and show us how to make a million out of it," father chuckled, and I took advantage to say, right off:

"One of the first things a farmer needs is a conveyance," and I remembered that saying the night I drove from the Inn with the dead man, and wished he had heeded it.

I was sorry then, of course, since father had Percherons worth eight thousand dollars, and a flock of pure-bred hens worth eight hundred, and everything else on the farm in comparison, but mother would not let him sell old Nell, or shoot her, and father would not keep more than one carriage horse, and so there they were, and there wasn't a farmer in the county that would have gone down the pike with such a disreputable-looking outfit. But mother is like that. She doesn't care how the horse looks, if she happens to like it, and besides, there were my old maid sisters, and when they came home from their school-teaching, vacation times, they always wanted a gentle horse, and one couldn't put any of the Perches in a buggy harness.

Midford was small and dark as we shambled thru, and the road was heavy with stiff mud, and a mist came from the direction of the lake. I felt sort of shivery and lonely as we drove past Allen's old farm, that has been deserted for fifteen years, and I was glad when we took the crossroad and came to our barnyard, and the big house with its cheerful lights. Babe, my old collie, came tearing out and almost knocked us out of the buggy. She licked my face and hands and whined and jumped this way and that, and sat in my lap. I was laughing and pounding her, and was trying to throw her out of the buggy when I noticed that one of her stiff shell-like ears had been hurt. It was slit almost from the base, and one side drooped down and the other stood up. I asked father what it was, and he was very grave as he answered.

"Somebody abused her," he said. "She came home one morning all muddy and sore, with her ear split, and she wouldn't go out of the house for days. She's still timid. I wish I could get the varmint that did it."

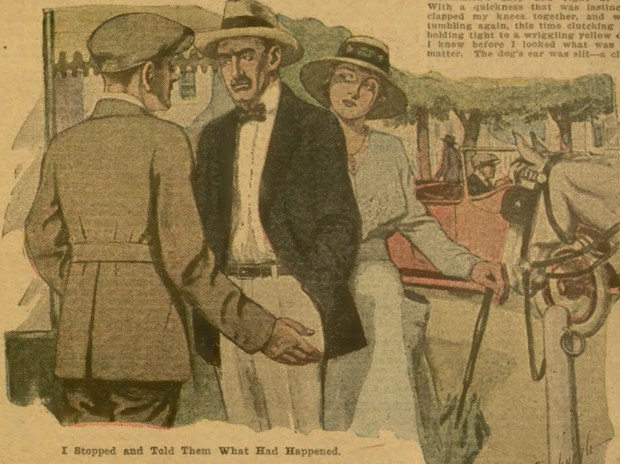
I felt a queer cold feeling at my heart as I watched Babe tearing around, spreading herself out all over the yard, while father unhitched. A queer presentiment of something sinister came over me. The darkness, and the stillness of the farm, and old Babe with a slit ear, and the shabby rig—it all seemed unreal and dreamlike.

But I heard my mother calling me, and in two shakes it was real enough—there I was in the great warm kitchen, and with that sweet little woman in my arms. Oh, well, there's no need to tell you about that first night, and how mother stuffed me, and patted my head every time she passed my chair, and how her face shone. After all, she was fondest of me—the others were all girls, and I'd been the baby. After supper dad and I talked about the farm, and his plans, and what he wanted me to do. I had a lot of expensive ideas in my head, but I was too smart to spring them on him at once, you may be sure. When we got up to go to bed, father said:

"I hear your friend Burke is to come down here and edit the farm magazine put out in town." I was astonished, and said so, and then remarked, "Oh, well, I suppose his wife thought it better," and father asked me sharply what I meant. But I couldn't tell him that Burke had married a little flip girl, and we fellows all thought he was throwing his talents away trying to please her. Father thinks it isn't decent for men to talk about other men's wives—but it was a shame about Burke.

He was our big man, and when I was a sophomore he had been my hero and ideal. Perfectly brilliant, and destined, so we thought, to be one of the big agricultural men in the country. He was a bit of a fool about women—always chasing around and getting new cases—they said that twenty girls had cried their eyes out over him. But when he married, so he always said, she'd be fine. But you know how that sort of fellow goes. When he married, she was just the same sort of girl as those he'd traipsed with.

She was supposed to be a musician, and she was pretty, but she was extravagant, and she sneered at everything pertaining to the farm, and she couldn't see anything fine about Burke's work at all. She was even ashamed of it, and you can imagine how we liked that. Bret had gone to see them, and they said they sat at table and quarreled the whole time he was there. We thought it a burning shame, because Burke was the sort that could let that kind of nagging unhappiness spoil his work. I kept thinking about him after I'd gone upstairs to bed, and wondering what sort his wife would be. And wondering about his sister, too, because Ethel Burke was the only girl I'd ever felt a lot like marrying, and she turned me down. I didn't take it hard, but went with a little brunette from Abbot the next winter, but Ethel's face stuck in the bottom of my heart, and nobody had ever been just what she had to me.



I Stopped and Told Them What Had Happened.

CHAPTER II.

BUT I had a distinct shock the next week when I went in to the editorial offices of the Farmer's Poster and saw Burke. He got up out of his chair and gave me his hand with the movements of an old man. His face was lined and drawn, and he smiled a crooked smile, if ever man did. I could hardly conceal my dismay, and he shoved some galley sheets off the chair beside his desk and made room for me. I thought at once that something more serious than a nagging wife was the matter with him, but I tried to act as if I didn't notice.

"Mother wants you and the missis to come out to dinner Sunday," I said, and asked him how he liked his new work.

"Fine!" he answered suddenly, and then was silent.

I told him how many cows father had, but he didn't seem to hear me, and kept watching the door. I got up to leave, and as I did, a young woman came in, who was without exception the prettiest woman I'd ever laid eyes on. I knew right off that she was Burke's wife, but I changed some ideas lightning quick. There was something sad and haunting in her dark eyes—a wistfulness about her whole small, perfect face, and a tenderness and sweetness about her. It seemed incredible that she was the woman we'd harangued so much. Burke introduced us, and she gave me her hand and a soft little look, then turned to him. He stood there tall and gaunt, his hands on his hips, his face scowling.

"Where did you get that hat?" he asked angrily, and I excused myself hastily and departed.

But I couldn't give Burke much on it. I kept thinking, as I went downstairs, that if I had a wife like that she could have a new hat every day. Talk about Burke being nagged! It seemed to me he did his share.

I'd left the colt Billy over at the blacksmith's shop, and I went over there, and talked to the blacksmith a while. He was commenting on how gentle dad's colts always were, when quite suddenly he lowered his voice and began speaking very rapidly. I had to bend my head to hear him.

"I just heard the other day that your dog had been marked. You'd better lock her up, or shoot her. I think that's some kind of a signal. Man in Welworth County had a horse marked that way one night, and in three months his place was ruined—animals stolen, house and cribs burned, cows lost and dried up—he couldn't dodge. Get rid of that dog if you can."

I stared at the man in amazement, but he went on working at the colt's foot and talking about my father in a normal voice. I looked around the little dark place, and saw a boy of 12 years mending harness on a stump, and a big black-looking young man working at an anvil. I was filled with curiosity, tho Dogan gave me no chance to ask further questions. But when I went out of the shop, I saw the boy turn his head slowly and stare at me with a long queer look. There was something familiar in his narrow face, with its haunting dark eyes, something timid and furtive, but dangerous about him.

I stopped outside the shop to tighten Billy's saddle girths, and a little yellow dog ran past me and into the shop, investigating it with that sociable curiosity of dogs. I had just put my foot in the stirrup, when a yell and strangled barking struck in my ears. Billy leaped and reared, and then started off down the road as fast as he could gallop, and I picked myself up from my face and the road with some astonishment. I had hardly got to my feet when a yellow streak tore out of the blacksmith's shop and right at me. With a quickness that was instinct I clapped my knees together, and went tumbling again, this time clutching and holding tight to a wriggling yellow dog. I knew before I looked what was the matter. The dog's ear was slit—a clean straight wound. With fury in my heart, and the dog held tightly in my arms, I started into the shop, but the shop was empty. The barber came running from across the street, and so did Jones, the man that ran the grain store. I told them what had happened, and just then the big dark young fellow came in the back door of the shop, puffing thru his nostrils.

"He'll never catch him," he said to us. "The little varmint got over into the freight yards, and it's a needle-in-the-haystack performance there. If Dogan ever gets him he'll murder him. What do you think? He cut the beggar with his harness knife."

His voice was big and deeply rolling. I felt a repugnance toward him. The barber took the dog out of my arms, and said he'd fix him up. I can't tell you just how I felt when I stood on the street again, and tried to brush the dirt from my clothes, and wipe the blood off my hands. I knew as definitely as tho it had been written on the wall that I had been warned of a mysterious danger, but I was more angry than anything else.

I started up the sidewalk, wondering where my colt was, and came across Burke and his wife, who were standing on the pavement, looking about. I stopped a minute and told them what had happened. Burke looked quite concerned, but his wife's face became as pale as death. She was standing behind her husband, and she made a little pleading gesture to me that I could not quite understand, but took that she meant for me not to reveal her discomfiture. I talked a moment more to Burke and went on, but I felt them both staring at me.

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS dark when I got home. The colt was sweaty and had torn his coat. Father is always angry when one of his horses is scared, but he did not say anything, and we rubbed the colt, and he talked to him until the animal was gentled and eating quietly. I washed and changed my clothes, then sat down to a late supper. When mother was in the kitchen, I began to tell father, in a low voice, what had happened, but the telephone interrupted me. Mother answered it, and said it was for me. A man's voice spoke over the wire.

"This is Corbett, proprietor of Galsey Inn. Do you know me?"

"Yes," I said coldly.

Galsey Inn is an obnoxious place on the Great Lakes, about seven miles from home, on out past the Allen place. It had a bad reputation as a fast resort, and was usually open only during the summer months. The county had tried to shake it repeatedly, but the State pike led around the lake, and past its doors, and it was apparently entrenched for good. I had never seen Corbett, and I could not imagine what business he had with me.

"The 8 o'clock boat is just in, and has left a lady passenger who wants to come to town. Doesn't want to stay here all night. I've no conveyance, and my automobile is out of order. Could you come get her?"

"Why don't you call the town livery stable or the hotel?" I asked.

"She doesn't want me to," answered Corbett. "She says her name is Burke—Ethel Burke, and she asked me to call you. But of course, if you don't want to come get her, she can stay all night."

I felt my hair stand on end. Ethel Burke—all night in that place! Then a suspicion came to me.

"Let me speak to her," I said.

There was a moment's silence, and then a woman's voice, which didn't sound either familiar or strange, spoke.

"Can you come get me, Don?" she said. "I didn't want to call brother, because I want to surprise him."

"Surely I'll come get you," I said, polite as pie. "However, I have only a slow old horse, so you'll have to wait a bit, but I'll come right away."

I hung up the 'phone and told father. He wanted to go with me, but I know how scared mother always is when we leave her alone on the farm, so I hitched up and went alone. The farther along the dark and muddy road I went, the more uncertain I felt. I became absolutely convinced that the voice was not Ethel's, and nameless fears crept out of the roadside bushes and fastened on me. And yet, when I would consider going back, there was the thought that it might be Ethel, and I would not leave her alone in such a place. I was very weary, and gradually my fears became allayed by drowsiness.

I must have dozed off, because I woke very suddenly, with a glare of light in my face, and I scarcely had a second to yank Nell out of the road when a great high-powered automobile tore past me, traveling about ninety miles an hour. It was only by a miracle that it did not knock me clear back to town. I got out and quieted Nell, who was trembling all over. I led her a way and talked to her, and cussed a little on the side. What was the matter with the neighborhood? Didn't a man have any rights of his own any more at all? Must his life and his animals all be in jeopardy of insane boys with knives and men with cars? I pushed ahead a little faster after the car had gone on, and the thought occurred to me that the car must have come from the hotel, as the hotel lay at the end of the road, and there were no more houses between me and it.

When I finally drove down on the beach, the place was pitch dark. I could see nothing except the shadow of the house, and out on the lake steamer lights. I needn't tell you that I was scared. I drove Nell up across the sand to the porch, and got out and hitched her. She had never run away in her life, and she turned her head to me in surprise as I did it, but I wasn't taking any chances. I wished I had a gun, and I was beside myself for fear about Ethel. The hotel door was locked, and I fumbled around on the porch, but found all the windows locked, too. The night was very dark. I could hear the wind in the woods, and the roar of the waves on the beach. The place looked as tho it had been closed for months. I was determined now, however, to get into the building, and find out if Ethel were there, or if any one else were. Maybe you think that was a fool thing to do, but if you thought the only girl you ever wanted to marry were in there, you'd be a fool, too.

At last I took up a porch chair and broke a window near the door with a heavy crash. I unlocked the window, opened it, and climbed in. Directly inside the window I stumbled over an object like a rolled-up rug. I lit a match—a thing I had been afraid to do on the porch—and located the switch. The lights revealed the main office of the hotel. Several doors opened out of this room, and beside the desk the stairs went up to the second floor. I turned over the leaves of the register, but no names had been entered for a week, and the names I found did not interest me.

I was beginning to believe myself a victim of some ghastly practical joke, when my eye fell on the object under the window, and I saw that it was a man. I touched him with my toe first, half-heartedly, but he did not budge, so I stooped and turned him over. It was a small man, probably in his fifties, and he was dead. A bullet wound in his temple had taken his life and the blood was smeared across his cheek. I took my handkerchief out, on impulse, to wipe it off, and, as I attempted to do so, I saw something that made me simply howl with fear and superstition. Maybe you've some idea of what I saw? The man's right ear, below the wound, was cut!

CHAPTER IV.

IF THERE was any one else in the place, I never saw them, for I flew out of there like mad. I climbed out on the porch, and then being ashamed to leave the victim behind me, I dragged him after me, bundled him into the buggy, and sitting beside the thing, I laid the whip on old Nell as she had never had it in her life. She was nervous, anyhow, and she began to trot down the road at a good clip, but I beat her as hard as I could and she galloped a little. Away we went, careening in the muddy road, the lights of the hotel office vanishing behind us. I won't go into detail about the drive, except that we made the seven miles in an hour. It was just a quarter of 11 when I hit Midford.

The town was as dead quiet as tho it were 2 in the morning, but I knew where the sheriff lived, and I ran up his front steps and pounded at his door like a mad one. He was at the door in a few minutes, his gun in his hand, and we carried the corpse into the house and rolled him up in a sheet for the coroner's later inspection.

Dodd was sheriff, and a better man I never saw—quiet and courageous and dignified, he was a man I had a lot of respect for. I told him everything as he got into his clothes—except, I will admit, I left out a thing I didn't forget—the look on Burke's wife's face at the dog accident of the morning. Dodd had sent his son to ring the town bell, and we soon heard it clattering over the peaceful roofs of the village like something demoniac. In twenty minutes there were four automobiles with twenty men, all armed with guns, shotguns, revolvers and rifles. I thanked Heaven that we lived in a hunting country when I saw those good shiny-barreled guns appear. There was not a man in the party the sheriff did not trust, and I found a coil of heavy rope on the floor of our car. As we raced thru the darkness I saw rockets appear from the direction of the lake.

"The ship is in distress," I said to the barber, who sat beside me, and to whom I was relating all my adventures as fast as I could.

We watched, and in a moment another rocket crossed the sky and fell, and we tried to listen for the steamer blast, but could not hear it. Before we scarcely knew it, we were at the hotel. The lights were out. From the beach we could see the steamer, her lights still on, but with a heavy list to stern. Even as we looked the lights winked out, and a last rocket rose from the deck of the doomed vessel. Dodd was shouting to the drivers of the car to turn their lights on the building, which they did. The front porch showed up brightly, with the window I had broken and left open.

"Are you sure you left the lights on?" Dodd was asking me, as I pushed up beside him, a gun in my hands.

"I saw them after I was on the road," I replied, and my hair suddenly stood on end with thinking that maybe Ethel was still there.

Dodd formed a reconnoitering party, and left me behind with his son and another young man, to watch the outside.

"And if anybody doesn't halt, when you yell at them, shoot," he said grimly. "This is a posse, if I didn't take time to swear you in."

The men moved toward the house, and broke down the front door. As we watched them, I kept thinking about the ship foundering out there in the darkness, and about Ethel, while my eyes darted about, looking for something we might not see, and I was glad the police boats might come, as I felt we were all amateurs, except maybe Dodd.

We could see the flashlights in different parts of the building, as the men explored, and then they were all downstairs again, and we were chafing with impatience to find out what they had discovered, and I could hardly keep from running into the house, but I was afraid of disobeying. And then, when we were beginning to think everything all right, we heard a shot. I started on a run to the house, but young Dodd clutched my coat.

"There are seventeen of them in there!" he said shrilly. "Our job is out here," and I waited.

In a few moments the men came out, and they were carrying a body with them. When they laid it down on the ground, I saw that it was Dodd. I heard a low sort of whining sound from his son, who stumbled past me and knelt beside him. And I tell you, I was mad—I was mad enough to kill—and I turned my eyes on the men with a burning in my heart.

The barber stooped and took the silver star off the sheriff's breast, and pinned it on his own. "Anybody here that wants to dispute this, say so now. We've got to have law," he said crisply.

I noticed how white his face was. He and Dodd had been chums from boyhood. Young Dodd knelt there, his head hung, making a slobbering noise, and I put my arms around his shoulder, but he didn't pay any attention. Jones touched his hand.

"We thought we heard somebody in the back room, and your father insisted on going in first, so he was sacrificed. He was a hero."

Young Dodd said nothing, and then I saw a strip of white light across the water from the north, and I cried out, "The police boats!"

We all gave a squeaky little hurrah. The barber told us to build a fire, and we did so—built a roaring one, and then the men all stood in a row and shot their guns off simultaneously into the lake, and it made quite a racket.

But somehow I felt that we were an aimless, asinine bunch, standing futilely about, shivering and scared in the dark, while murder had its way under our very noses. The police boat swung about on the water quite a while. The nineteen of us patrolled the house and the beach under the direction of the barber—or rather, the eighteen, for Dodd had been placed in one of the big cars, and his son sat beside him, very still now.

CHAPTER V.

FINALLY one of the blinding searchlights picked us out on the beach, and the cutter tore thru the water and stopped quite abruptly a hundred feet from shore. The merciless searchlight raked us over and over, and the barber shouted and waved his arms. The police cutter put out a boat, and the boat came up on the beach, with a dozen of us pulling her in. There were six police and some other people in the boat, and when I saw that great big officer, in his blue, with the shiny buttons, and his heavy jaw and eyes as keen as his searchlight, step out on the beach, I felt a rush of mighty relief. He brought with him all the law and order of civilization, and a solidity of intelligence that made us children before him. He gave crisp orders to the men in the boat, and they scrambled out, and lifted the two passengers they'd picked up, and helped them over to our fire.

One of them was a young woman, and you can imagine my surprise when she sat wearily down near the blaze, and I saw it was Ethel Burke. I went right over to her and held out my hand and grinned, and she looked at me, and literally fell on my neck and began to cry. I was holding her in both arms and comforting her, so glad to have her safe where she belonged that I couldn't speak at all, when the big law-and-order person roughly interrupted.

"Let the young woman get warm," he ordered.

He'd been talking to the barber. I had to repeat my story for him, and he looked at me as tho I had committed the original murder, and instigated the second one. In fact, I began to feel quite guilty. The cutter had gone off again, and now we saw another searchlight cutting the water. I told my story as straight as I could, just as I had told it to Dodd, but I was more careful than ever to leave out Burke's wife. The policeman sent his six men to examine the place, and they reconnoitered and came back with an all's-well report.

As soon as I dared, I asked if I might take Ethel to my home, where my mother could take care of her. The policeman asked the barber to put me on parole, and he did it. I was pretty mad, but didn't say anything.

"Next thing," I thought to myself, bitterly, as I put Ethel in Jones' car, "I'll be hung for all of it."

Jones took us home. My mother and father were up waiting, tho it was almost morning, and mother took Ethel and put her to bed; but before she did, I held Ethel very closely in my arms, and kissed her eyes and her lips, and it was about the only thing I remember out of all of it, as I dozed off.

I'd thought I wouldn't be able to sleep at all, but it was noon before I'd begun, it seemed, and father was rousing me.

"You've got to go in town," he said. He looked quite troubled. I got up and began to dress, and father talked to me.

"Nell died in her tracks in the livery barn last night. She just simply never got her breath again. The vet says her lungs burst." He was silent a minute and then he looked at me a long time.

"Did you take a dead man from the Inn to Dodd's house?" he asked. I nodded, feeling queer to think about that. "Did anybody see it but yourself!" he asked me.

"Dodd went upstairs and got a sheet," I told him straight. "He didn't want his wife or the children to know. We rolled the poor beggar up in the sheet, and left him in the hall. Why?"

"Because your poor beggar has disappeared. I was in town this morning, and, of course, last night is the whole talk. The corpse is gone, and folks seem to be inclined to think there wasn't any."

I sat down on the side of the bed with a shoe in my hand, and stared at my father. He was very grave, and I was smitten dumb. After a minute he went on.

"The ship that sunk was the 8-o'clock steamer. She had considerable engine trouble all the way and was late. About 11 o'clock there was an explosion. She had a heavy cargo, and sank promptly. The police picked up most everybody, except a few of the crew."

"Well, father," I said, "whoever telephoned me knew that Ethel was coming on that boat. It looks to me as tho they timed themselves wrong. It couldn't have been a coincidence that she came on the 8-o'clock boat, and as for the corpse, if anybody thinks I——"

I left off in midair, thinking about the man's ear. Father got up and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Don," he said, "be brave. There's deviltry somewhere. I know this upsets you, but we've got to ferret it out. There's something else you've got to learn now." I braced myself, and father looked into my eyes deeply.

"Burke has disappeared, and so has the telephone girl—not together necessarily, but she was your one valuable witness. I saw Burke's wife this morning and brought her out here. She is on the verge of nervous hysteria. I had Dr. Gordon out, and made him say that she was not in condition to see anybody. She's in your sister Jennie's room, and Ethel is taking care of her."

CHAPTER VI.

I WENT downstairs and mother fed me. She was flying around, having the time of her life with two invalids and a mystery, and she gave me a very hurried kiss as I went out. I walked to town with father, went to the livery stable and saw the boy who'd taken care of Nell, and gave him a dollar. Then I went to the courthouse, and presented myself before the police sergeant who had appeared there overnight. He talked to me quite a while, swore me in on parole and dismissed me. I was much relieved to find that he, for one, believed the corpse story. I saw people looking at me on the streets, and wondered if I could possibly have dreamed it all. Father had been out around and had bought a car, and the man who sold it to him drove us home. But I had too many things to think about to pay much attention.

In the yard Babe met me much excited. I stroked her head and patted the hurt ear, and would have gone on in the house, but she grabbed the tails of my overcoat and pulled and barked and whined insistently. So I said, "All right," and followed her off across the lower pasture, toward the brook. I supposed she had treed something, or that one of the cows was down there, and I felt a little more cheerful as I saw her trotting ahead, her bush high, her ears cocked.

I had figured things down to a certain place, and I could get no further. The boy in the blacksmith shop would have some clew to the mystery, I thought, for one, and he was probably insane. Then, the sinking of the ship and the murder at the Inn were supposed to have occurred simultaneously. I was to have been on hand, and, apparently, I was hoaxed out there for two reasons, one of which might have been to rescue Ethel—and if that were the case, it was Burke or his wife who had 'phoned me—and the other might have been to get me tangled up in the murder. I was convinced that it all worked together. I felt as if I were walking along the edge of a revelation. Burke's wife knew something about it. Somebody knew that Ethel was coming on the boat—the telephone girl might have been in the plot. But if Burke's wife were complicated, why had she not disappeared with him—and why need I haul them into it at all?

So I went around and came to the edge of the spring. Here great oak trees crowded around the rocky margin. The spring came up in a basin-like hollow, deeper than a man's head, and perhaps ten feet across, and back of it ran a sort of natural grotto, always half full of water. I had sounded it often when a boy, and it was about seven feet back, and about a yard deep. I stood watching while Babe scrambled down the rocks to the edge of the opening and began to bark. I followed her down, and stooping, saw something dark in the water. I was getting quite inured to dead men by now, and when Babe and I together hauled Burke out I didn't even feel surprised, but only sort of cold and hard inside.

I made up my mind grimly, however, that this corpse was not going to escape me so I lifted Burke and threw him over my shoulder, as the scouts are taught to do, and trudged the quarter of

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He Preyed Upon His Fellow Men.

CRUEL, mysterious Eugene Renault had but one business—to learn the family secrets of those who had money and to extort from them the price of his silence. He had also a beautiful daughter and it was her mother's dying request that the girl be spared the necessity of stooping to take part in her father's villainous schemes. He promised that the girl should escape, but his promise amounted to no more than the snap of his finger. As a result Emma Howard Wight has been able to build about them a strong story of love and passion mingled with mystery and a strange plot. It will be run as a serial in the Ledger beginning with the next issue, dated February 2. The title is "The Path of Passion" and we are sure you will like it, perhaps better than any story that has appeared in the Ledger in many months.

a mile to the house, Babe running and whining beside me. I marched up the back steps, and held Burke's heels with one hand while I opened the door with the other. When I had taken him in and laid him down on the kitchen floor, I stood up straight and looked at my mother. Then I fainted dead away.

CHAPTER VII.

I DIDN'T know much about what happened the next few days until afterward; but when I came downstairs again Burke had been buried, and the coroner's jury, for some idiotic reason, had turned in a verdict of suicide. The first thing I asked my father, when I got him alone, was about Burke's ear, and he said it was all right.

Ethel was helping mother in the kitchen, and her eyes were very soft and tender, but she looked quite heartbroken. We smiled at each other a little, but I didn't feel it was much of a time for love-making. I had sort of a contented feeling in my heart that she was going to be mine, come what may, and that there was plenty of time for me to take all that was coming, later on, when it was more suitable.

She was wonderfully good to Mrs. Burke, which somehow seemed to me a very Christian thing, altho I couldn't figure out exactly why it should be. I was pretty broken up about Burke myself, and wondering when the mystery would be solved, and what it was all about, and feeling that our whole county was quite scarlet with murder, and that some of the stains were splashed on me.

Father told me that Mrs. Dodd had taken the attitude that there never was a corpse, and that I knew a great deal more about it than I said, and for all she knew, I might be the very one that had dragged Mr. Dodd out there in the middle of the night to be shot. I was a stranger in town. And then, it was certainly mysterious that I should be the one to find the other body! Suicide indeed! Father said she was working up quite a lot of feeling, but I couldn't feel much concerned, I was so interested in finding out the guilty person myself.

I saddled Billy and went to town about dusk, wanting to talk to the big policeman again. I visited with him for about an hour, and he was very cordial, but wary. He said that the captain of the ship had told him some things that he couldn't divulge, about the sinking, and he asked me if I thought Ethel might have known it was to be sunk.

"I haven't talked to her," I said, "but it doesn't seem reasonable she'd come across the lake on a boat she knew would be sunk, does it?"

"Not unless she knew she was safe," he said slowly. I was impatient at that, but he warned me to take good care of myself.

"We'll need you when things get straightened around," he said, as tho, of course, that were the main value of my life. "But the people in this community are in a very excited mood, and some of the tales you've told are strange, and nobody else knows about them."

"But the fact that Dodd was shot, and that a few people have disappeared surely upholds me," I said, but he shrugged his shoulders.

I was not much disturbed at the warning, tho, and rode toward home at a slow trot. When I got to the crossroads, however, a man leaped out of the brush and laid hold of my bridle. Billy reared and I had lifted my stock to strike, when I saw that it was a neighbor. I put down my whip and asked him what he wanted.

"Information," he said grimly.

I was not in a mood to be pleasant, and I answered him shortly, asking when he had become a policeman. Then I noticed that there were half a dozen men around me in the road.

"We are all police in this country," he said slowly. "And when a lawyer puts on a coroner's jury six men who are your father's friends, we aren't satisfied with the verdict."

His voice was menacing, and as he spoke, I saw that he had a rope in his hand, and that was enough for me. I did not care about lynching parties where I was the guest of honor. So I struck Billy a blow on the haunches that made him leap like a deer. He plunged ahead, and a rope sung over my head and fell short, knocking my hat off. I heard somebody shoot, but Billy and I were down the road, and we never stopped till we were in our yard. I'll never forget how that Percheron colt ran that night. It was spectacular.

The gate was open, and we pounded in. I ran into the kitchen, closed and bolted the door and turned out the light. My father's tall form appeared in the dining-room door, and he looked huge against the lamp on the dining-room table.

"I met a lynching party up the road," I said, as quietly as I could, "looking for me, so I hurried home."

My words, meant only for my father's ears, had carried farther. There was a tense moment, and then a low, very sad voice said:

"Tell him to come in, and I'll straighten it out."

Feeling the queer sensation of dreaming again, I followed my father into the dining-room. Standing by the table in a dress of some soft dark material stood Burke's wife. She turned to my father and spoke to him.

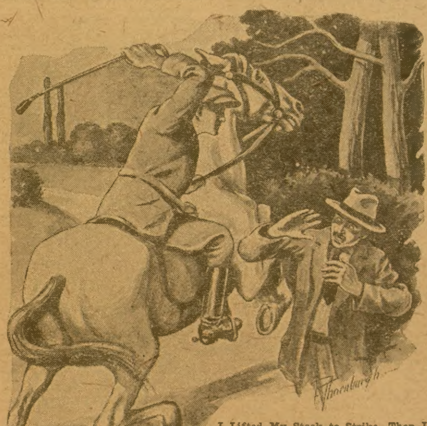
"Will you please telephone for some policeman and a stenographer?"

"Look here," I said to her, "you aren't going to tell a thing you don't want to. In fact, I reckon you'd better not tell anything at all."

She smiled a little, twisting her hands. "Please," she said, "I'll be happier."

My father went to the telephone, and I continued to remonstrate. Mother made Mrs. Burke sit down, and Ethel came over and slipped her hand in mine, her face very white. I saw the tears in her eyes, and knew that she was afraid for me. I sat down by the table heavily, thinking about my neighbor's face in the dusk. It gave me a queer feeling, a sadder one than I had ever known, to think these men were out there on the highway hunting me. I wondered how many lynchings had been as unwarranted.

The policeman came, and told us that the six men were in the yard, and father asked them all to come in. We were a queer-looking bunch, ranged around the dining-room, Ethel still beside me, and mother on the other side, and father so big and solemn, with his mouth stern behind his beard, and there, across the table, the policeman, and the stenographer from the mill, with her notebook, and Burke's wife, no bigger than a minute, sitting sort of alone, and very still and small. It seemed to me there wasn't anything to her but her big eyes, and altho I was holding Ethel's hand for all I was worth, I felt mighty tenderly toward the little woman.



I Lifted My Stock to Strike, Then I Saw It Was a Neighbor.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU'LL have to be very patient," she said slowly, and with a slight huskiness in her voice, "and I will tell you all that I know about what has happened. To begin with, the boy that Don saw in the blacksmith shop is my brother. He is the only other child in our family, and he is 12 years old. Four years ago he was put in the reform school for cruelty to animals. I think at that time he should have been sent to an insane hospital. But two years ago, when Burke and I were just married and were living in Abbot, he came to our back door one day, and begged to be let in. Of course, I took him and was good to him, and Burke was very kind, and he seemed to be quite normal." She paused, and then went on with more difficulty.

"But things were not very happy with my husband and myself. I could not understand his work, nor his enthusiasm, and I was jealous of it, and I used to try to make him pay more attention to me than to other things, and so I was very extravagant. I did not have enough money, ever, and one day a woman who had been introduced to me told me that she was making money carrying messages for the secret service. I was interested, and she said it was very simple. Sometimes it was parcels, and sometimes letters. A woman gave them to you, and you took them to certain places you were told to—at times it was a little difficult—such as putting things on board ship where they would not be seen—but the pay was excellent. I said I would try it, and I thought it was fun to work for the Government. You see, I didn't know I was working for some German spies. So I did it for over a year.

"I cannot tell you how many such messages I carried and how many packages I delivered. Occasionally I would get a little note, telling me to come to such and such place, and the same woman always met me and gave me the instructions. One day I put a package in the waste-paper box in the office of the big manufactory at Abbot—and that night a terrific explosion ruined it. Do you remember?" She looked about and every one nodded gravely. "The Government said it was being done by Germans. Then I became frightened, and I told my husband——"

Her voice faltered and she fell silent. We thought she was not going to speak again, but my father urged her in his low voice, and she took up the tale again.

"He was very angry, and also afraid, and we moved to another town. But when I got there I was blackmailed. The letter I received said that the knowledge of my crime was in the hands of certain people, and would be disclosed to the Government secret service, and I would be shot as a traitor unless I did certain things—one was to keep this a secret from my husband, and the other was to come to Midford and meet a messenger at the Allen farm, and do one more errand. I would be paid liberally, it said, also.

"About this time my little brother disappeared, and I told my husband I thought he might have gone to a chum in the town we lived in when we were children, and that I would like to go and look for him. So he agreed, and I came away alone; but I came instead to Midford and met the messenger, as requested. It was the man you found dead." She turned her eyes to me, and I heard a little movement among the men behind me.

"He was not a German—I do not know his nationality, but he was a thief, and he revealed to me a plot in which all the cargo of a certain ship was to be stolen and then the ship itself was to be sunk, so that no one would know. It was a ship which would cross the lakes with metal and expensive merchandise. He knew the dates of sailing and everything, and I was to place the bomb that would sink the ship.

"I was frightened and refused at first—but death is a heavy penalty to pay, and he assured me that if I failed, it would be done anyhow—I couldn't prevent the ship sinking. And so, at last, he gave me the handbag with the mechanism, and told me how to work it, and when this must be done. And at the end he said that my little brother was with them, and would stay as hostage. He said that certain things were being done in the neighborhood to produce terror, and that when the ship was sunk Galsey Inn was to be robbed, because he knew that there were funds there that had never been banked.

"I went away with the mechanism, but I was exhausted with fright, and I think I would have told my husband at once, when I got home, if he had been there. But he had been called to the city on some kind of consultation, and then he went to Washington, wiring me his address, and I was alone with the bomb, and feared for my life and for my brother. So on the day set I went by train to the port named. It was a two days' trip, and when I got there I went to a hotel and stayed a day, and then I went to the dock, and the captain was charming to me, and showed me all over the boat, and I planted the infernal machine, as I had been instructed, and came by train home.

"When I got home"—her voice was very weary now—"I found a telegram from Mr. Burke that we were to go to Midford to stay, as he had a position there, and I was to have our things packed when he got home, that night. I was in a torment for fear he would find me not ready, and I worked constantly, and at last got the house torn up before he came. He did not seem to suspect anything, but that night he told me that while he was in Washington, he had heard some pretty dark things about how spies were treated that had worried him. He wished, he said, that we had told at once, when we became suspicious—he said that now folks wouldn't believe. He was very kind that night, and I felt exceedingly guilty and unhappy.

"Of course, Midford was the last place I wanted to come to, but there was no hope. We got here the day before the boat was due, and the next day we had a letter from you, Ethel, saying you were coming on that boat, and would be at the Inn landing at 8. That message came after the dog was hurt. Don and I had recognized my brother. I was worried all day, and at evening time I finally told Burke what had happened, because I could not bear for Ethel to be drowned, and myself to blame. Well, Burke was beside himself with fear, for her and for me, and he did not know what to do. So we took the interurban across-country to the lake front, and walked along the beach to the Inn, reaching there before 8. The ship was nowhere in sight. We planned to build a big signal fire, and we stood there shivering. I wanted Burke to send wireless messages, but he wouldn't do it, he said Ethel might be saved, but there wouldn't be a chance for me, if it was known.

"While we were there a big car came circling up to the hotel, and Mr. Burke and I crowded back in the bushes. We saw a man get out of the car and run toward the Inn, and I told my husband it was the one who had blackmailed me. He was angry and trembling, and he would not let me hold him back, but followed the man into the house, and I stood outside and saw him leap onto him. They struggled, and Burke got the man's gun and shot him. They were under the window, so that I could not see who was shot, and as I was crying and afraid to go in, my brother pushed against me. He had been in the car. He ran into the house, and presently came out with my husband. I can only suggest that he might have marked the dead man's ear at his own instigation, for reasons no one knows.

"My husband was quite pale, but seemed composed. They couldn't get the car started, and while they were working with it, I went into the Inn in the same room with the dead man, and telephoned to you. I am able to make my voice quite deep"—she did so as she spoke— "and I knew that you were deceived. I did not think about the victim then, but only about somebody seeing the lights, and possibly being able to put out a boat and save Ethel. I don't suppose I was very wise, but I was trying to do something to straighten things out a little. The boys were still working with the car, and I began to walk about, but my brother called me, and whispered to me that there were more men near by, and to stay by him, as they knew him. It was half an hour before we got started, and then Mr. Burke drove like mad. We almost ran over you, you remember.

"Well, if you'll be patient, I am soon thru. We stopped at the edge of town, and my brother said he could drive the car and would take it on, because it was an enormous affair, and its presence in town would cause suspicion, and Burke and I went to our rooms.

"We huddled there, like the criminals we were, and finally Burke put on different clothes and went over to the telephone office. He bribed the girl—gave her a hundred dollars—and she telephoned to headquarters that a ship was reported sinking, and to send police boats down. That was how the cutters got here so soon. We were a little more at ease then, and—please pardon me—but those last few hours were the sweetest in all our married life. We had grown much estranged, but my husband seemed then to think me only a neglected child." Her whole face quivered, but she soon steadied herself again.

"He sat in the big chair in our room and held me in his arms and comforted me. We both felt that a catastrophe hung over our heads—and then we heard Don clatter by, and we watched from the window—you know how the boarding-house faces the sheriff's—and saw them put the body in the hall. After every one had gone out of town, my husband stole across and I watched him as he took the body over his shoulder and slipped down the street. He never came back. He hid the body somewhere to save me, then drowned himself. There could be no more happiness for us."

CHAPTER IX.

HER head fell forward on her arms, and she was very still. I got up and went around the table and picked her up and carried her to her room. And Ethel and mother and the doctor fussed around her, and I went downstairs and cried, and I'm not ashamed, either. If ever a great lot of men had picked on a poor little mouse of a girl, we certainly had. I was ashamed of all of us, and my heart ached for her.

In the dining-room the men were gathered around the table in serious consultation. The policeman said that the theft had been discovered after the ship left port, and the captain feared accident. It had all been very cleverly done, and there was probably a gang of thieves. My neighbor came up and offered me humble apologies, and I shook his hand. They all went away, and my father and I sat until midnight and talked about it all.

A month afterward, I was called to come to the courthouse, and I saw a curious exhibition. Mrs. Burke's brother was there—scared as a rabbit, and three men and a woman—they had all been caught in the big woods where they'd been hiding for all that time. The boy was to be sent to a hospital. The men and woman were to be taken under the wing of Federal authorities. They were a bad-looking outfit. The policeman told me there were fifteen more of them "loose" around the country. I hope sincerely that they've all been caught.

When I got home, I told Mrs. Burke, who was sitting in the armchair near the fireplace, about it, and she was so happy for her brother. She smiled a little. Mother patted her cheek—we were all spoiling her badly. And then I went on to my room and wrote a long letter to Ethel, and asked her for the ninetieth time to please change her mind and marry me at Christmas instead of waiting until June.

Hunting the Mastodon

By Francis J. Dickie

Read This, Then Go On With the Story.

THIRST for the unknown sends Grahame and Ayelward to the Arctic Circle in search of a prehistoric monster, concerning which they have been told by Inspector Fells of the Northwest Mounted Police, who had the story from an old Indian. They take with them a moving picture camera man. In running the rapids of a river they come upon a wrecked boat and Ayelward saves the life of Doris Keane, a story writer who is in search of adventure and who, when she learns of their quest, joins them.

Ayelward finds at Chipewyan the ancient Indian whose great-grandfather had brought back from the Far North a map of the region where he had seen the marvelous beast. The Indian relates the strange story and finally gives Ayelward a map, a crude picture description drawn with a hot iron on a deerskin. After nearly two months of travel on the vast chain of lakes and rivers that lead into the Far North the adventurers come into the region indicated by the map and make camp upon a high plateau.

If you prefer to read the earlier chapters in detail back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in No. 2, the issue dated Jan. 12.

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CHAPTER V.

NO EXACT survey had ever been made of the country the party was now in, so the Government map of it was a crude one, from which distances could not accurately be calculated. Between this map and the one furnished by Cheequina there existed, however, a sufficient number of coinciding topographical facts to permit of making a rough location of the mysterious valley. This Ayelward and Grahame had done as they journeyed from Resolution; and, furnished with the exact latitude and longitude of the site of the now abandoned Fort Enterprise, they had steered a course to make a landing on the shore of Lake Mackay within a few degrees of the fort's position.

The camp of Cheequina's forefather, Napsis Mooswaw, had been somewhere in this vicinity; and, as the map showed the ancient hunter's return journey from the valley to his camp had occupied only six "sleeps," it seemed evident to the searchers that the valley could not lie over a hundred miles away. Taking into consideration the time spent by Napsis Mooswaw in building a number of cairns to mark the way for the guidance of others in case he could not return, the distance he had covered in those six days might have been well under a hundred miles.

Upon Napsis Mooswaw's drawing, a point at the forks of a fairly large stream was shown as marked with a cairn. From here the way was shown as leading due north over level tundra till the valley was reached.

On the Government map an unnamed stream was shown flowing into the Coppermine River. As it lay in an easterly direction from their camp, Ayelward and Grahame were both of the opinion that this body was the identical stream, somewhere upon which lay the Indian's guiding cairn. With this once located, the finding of the valley should be a fairly easy matter.

After breakfast on the morning following their landing, Ayelward and Grahame made final calculations. It was then decided that the five men, with two weeks' provisions, should proceed to the banks of the stream and, spreading out, work up and down it in search of the cairn.

Ayelward was for leaving one of the breeds behind with Doris to guard the camp; but the girl, realizing that so much more ground could be covered by this extra man, stoutly insisted on being left alone in charge of the rock.

"I'm not to be considered as a woman any more," she said hotly, when Ayelward and Grahame came to her in the matter. "The more there are of you, the easier the locating of the cairn will be. I learned to handle a gun in California, and I can shoot as well as any of you, in case anybody or anything takes a notion to attack me, and, certainly, up on this rock even a weak woman could hold off an army. So away you go, all of you."

Standing at the edge of the plateau shortly after noon, Doris waved good-by to the little party below. Then, throwing herself down on the softly cool tundra moss, she lay for a long time and watched them move away, rifles in hand, packs on back; saw them grow smaller and smaller, become dotlike, and at last disappear in the dancing heat waves that blurred the distant plain.

With their final passing, a queer loneliness crept down on the girl. All in a moment the country around seemed soundless and dead, became a vast, endlessly rolling vista of silence—a passive world, sleeping eternally under the blazing sun of a July day.

With the little party all together, she had never been fully conscious of how profound was the hush of these far wilderness places. Now, sprawled here upon the rock, the stillness beat upon her; so quiet it was that a queer drumming noise toned in her ears. For a while she remained without moving, giving way to the strange flux of emotions that the realization of her isolated position brought.

But at last, aware of how strange a depression was gripping her, she sprang up and ran back to camp. Then, with no eye of man to witness the act, she brought from out a secret place among the provisions a long hidden bundle, and carried it within the tent.

Half an hour later she stepped out into the sunshine, a neat boyish figure in blue shirt and overalls. Conscious of new freedom she ran around the camp half a dozen times. Then, panting a little, her eyes shining, she came to a stop, exclaiming gayly: "Certainly, men's clothes are an improvement."

The words shattered the silence like an explosion, startling her in spite of herself. She became very tense, stood for a long moment gazing out over the placid lake, its surface aglisten in the sun. Over the face of the calm, unruffled water there lay, too, that awful silence. Involuntarily a little shudder shook her. Under the spell of this sudden fear of the silent places—a fear that comes for a while to every one of civilization when new in the wilderness, that remains with some always—Doris ran into her tent and brought out a thirty-eight automatic Colt's revolver and a thirty-thirty rifle that Ayelward had left with her. She examined the magazines of both, pulling out the tight-filled "clips." Thus satisfied that they were ready for immediate action, she replaced them.

Somehow, in particular, the feel of the cool blue-black revolver butt, nestling momentarily in her hand, brought back her courage, and half an hour later she was busy at work on another chapter of a book begun at Chipewyan, a few weeks before.

As the days slipped away, Doris' nerves steadied to her new position; she became accustomed to the "booming" in her ears of the eternal hush; grew almost fond of the stillness. Never before had she been able to write so well; and with no interruption, her book grew in volume at a pace she had never previously attained. It was this interest in her work that saved Doris from giving away to brooding, a thing which overcomes many of even the most strong-minded people newly come to the wide places, and which, if given way to, eventually leads to madness.

Sometimes she worked six hours a day, sometimes ten, writing and revising. When she felt herself growing stale she would clamber down the steep side of the rock, cross to the lake shore, and boarding the canoe, paddle far out upon the lake; then, shipping paddle, lie back and let the dainty little boat drift lazily along till eventually it was carried to shore.

At other times, in less lazy mood, she fished, getting many a fierce battle from the game lake trout, made hard and strong by the icy waters of this lonely Canadian lake. Occasionally a fiercer and more powerful pike took her bait, giving her a longer, tho a less spirited fight, than his smaller brother of the depths.

Also, and perhaps best of all, the girl liked to lie sprawled upon the tundra moss on the top of the rock, and watch the sun slip, seemingly reluctant, into the lake, in its going lighting all the sky and the water with a wondrous crimson glow.

She was lying thus before her tent on the tenth evening of her hermitage, when a faint rattling of dislodged little stones, from the direction of the rock's lake side, caused her to start up quickly.

Now the plateau lay almost level to within perhaps ten yards of its edge, when it shelved sharply down to a first ledge, perhaps three feet below. On account of this no view of the incline was possible to a person seated or standing in the vicinity of the camp, or, in fact, till within a few yards of the plateau's edge.

Vaguely alarmed, Doris sprang to her feet. Rushing into the tent she caught up the revolver that lay upon her blankets, and then began moving cautiously toward the edge of the incline, a hundred feet away. As she drew nearer, a low shuffling sound as of softly padded moving feet came to her. Thoroly alarmed now, and with consciousness of the danger, once an enemy gained even footing upon the top of the plateau, Doris ran recklessly forward to its very edge, and saw toiling up its side the figures of half a dozen buckskin-clad Indians, and, watching below, perhaps twenty more

With sight of the oncoming red men, Doris became instantly cool. This was no time to parley, no time to question their intentions, so dropping on one knee she opened fire with her automatic, bringing it into play in the "hand-follow-eye" manner of the experienced gunman. Her first bullet went high. But with the second, the leading man spun half around, hung a moment waveringly on the edge of a ledge, then went tumbling down, rolling, bouncing from ledge to ledge like a tree felled by side-hill lumberman.

The five men following halted, and in that minute Doris saw they were without guns. A sick horror gripped her. Had she been too hasty? Perhaps they were peaceable, friendly Indians come to pay a call! But the next minute her fears were set at rest. From below a rifle coughed with the thunderous loudness of long-barreled muzzle loader. The moss close beside her splattered before the tearing course of a bullet. Doris sprang up, ran back a dozen steps, while from below two reports sounded in quick succession.

Some ten yards covered, she threw herself down. From where she lay the upper half of the sloping incline to the plateau's edge was in full view, but the gunners at the bottom could not see her. She noted with relief that the five climbers turned and scrambled downward out of sight, and only when they had disappeared did she suddenly remember what excellent marks they had offered her.

In deep thought she lay for several minutes, till the venomous singing of gathering mosquitoes, and two or three bites from them on her unprotected face and hands, reminded that she was without her netting. Satisfied that no Indian could reach the plateau in the time required for her to return to camp, Doris rose and went to her tent.

Loading herself down with blankets and the netting, she returned to her selected guarding point. Leaving these, she returned; on a second trip bringing the thirty-thirty and box of cartridges, as well as four little sticks upon which the bed netting canopy had been rigged. Rearranging this over the blankets she crawled in, and settled down for a night of watching.

Nothing is harder on human nerves than the tension of waiting expectantly for something to happen. Now to Doris, the hush—always seemingly so soundless on previous nights—became alive with sound. Yet when she listened carefully most of the noises proved but figments of her own imagination. She was too taut, too eager for something to happen. When several hours had passed quietly and the dusk was fading into its deepest hue, she realized this. She tried to calm herself and to relax. By morning she had succeeded; so much so that several times she sat up blinking sharply from a momentary doze.

By 4 o'clock the sun was well up, and its warming rays beating upon her soaked up the heavy dew. Tho the hour was unusually early, Doris felt hungry. With a view to reconnoitering before taking her meal, she crawled to the very edge, which gave her a full view of the plain below.

Evidently she was in for a siege! About half a mile away, to the south and west, close to the lake shore, the Indians had raised their camp, half a dozen lodge-pole tepees covered with caribou hides—the usual summer home of the natives beyond parallel sixty, north.

That the band had come by boat was evident from the half-dozen canoes which, too, from her elevated position and in the wonderful clear air of the region, were plain to view. Then Doris noticed with annoyance that her own canoe was gone from its accustomed place; tho the fact that the Yorke boat still lay untouched brought momentary relief.

The Indian camp was silent; there was no sign of life. Encouraged by this, the girl got to her feet and walked to the dining tent. Here she dug out several boxes of sardines, a box of soda biscuits, and a tin of condensed milk. Carrying these back to her lookout she made lazy breakfast. But the thick, sickly sweet condensed milk—an unpalatable concoction when served alone—brought longing for a drink of water.

Each day she had brought from the lake a tin pail of water, raising it to the plateau by the pulley. The pail was, however, only a small one, holding perhaps three gallons, and on going to it she noted with vague alarm that it was less than half full, due to her somewhat extravagant ablutions the previous day. Instantly she realized if the Indians laid long siege to her citadel the terror of longing for water was bound to be hers. Impressed by this she drank sparingly.

A few minutes later, impelled by curiosity, she walked over and threw herself down at the edge of the plateau, and lay for several hours till the Indian encampment came to life.

She saw some of them moving along the lake shore, digging driftwood from out the sand; watched the smoke of the campfires crawl up in the still, warm air, and, even at that distance, caught faintly the sounds of voices.

For the first moment since firing those hasty shots the previous evening, Doris felt the ichor for action creeping into her blood. Under its spell she grew impatient for something to happen. Finally, giving way to the feeling, she picked up her rifle. But its sight was only adjusted for a thousand yards. However, resting the gun carefully, she took long aim, allowing for what she judged the extra distance to be, and fired. She was aware the shot had created commotion, for dotlike forms began moving hastily about; but she could not tell whether the bullet had done any damage.

For ten minutes she continued firing at occasional intervals, then ceased, on noting that the camp had suddenly become deserted. Forms no longer moved.

And her fire had done damage, dropping two of the Sicannie hunters. Duly impressed with the far-carrying power of the unknown enemy's rifle, the Indians had thrown themselves belly down upon the ground and crept away along the lake shore till fully satisfied they were out of range. Had they walked erect, Doris could have seen them go, but by crawling close to the ground they became invisible to her.

Not aware of this, the puzzled girl watched the camp, thinking that sooner or later some of the occupants would show themselves. But the day wore on, and nothing stirred. As the sun crossed into afternoon position, Doris went to her tent.

Securing writing pad and box, serving for table, she carried them back to her first assumed lookout position, that gave view of the last few yards of the incline without exposing her to fire from the plain below.

Rifle and revolver laid beside her, she dropped down crosslegged on the blankets, and, pulling the box toward her, began writing, occasionally looking up to glance down the incline. It was very warm. The sun stood almost overhead, and the rock, in spite of its covering of moss, was always a warm place at this time of day. Presently the pencil moved less rapidly across the page; her sleep-hungry brain refused to give forth further words. After a time the pencil dropped with faint clattering upon the box. Her head, nodding heavily on her breast, sank slowly downward and came to rest on her sprawling arms.

Doris slept in the sun—danger forgotten.

With the arrival of August, the days were rapidly shortening. By 9 o'clock the sun was well toward setting. Under the heat of the day, and after the long hours of wakeful tension, the girl did not rouse until the dusk had crept down.

When she did, it was with bloodshot eyes and a horrible taste in her mouth. All afternoon she had sweltered under the fierce rays. Now, with the quick-come coolness of the Northern region's evening, she was clammily cold, painfully stiff.

Rising, she passed to the dining tent and drank heavily. But the water was tepid, tasteless from long standing. Not feeling hungry and made bold by this long cessation of hostilities, she began a brisk walk around the plateau. After several turns she crossed calmly to the top of the incline.

The plain lay a blurred mass; even the outline of the slope was vague, indistinct in the half-light. Suddenly, as she peered down into the dun darkness, a spurt of flame shot out from the nebulous region among the rocks below. A queer burning pain stabbed her left shoulder. She reeled, then dropped to the ground, not from the slight flesh wound the bullet had inflicted, but thru quick presence of mind. Both rifle and revolver lay some ten yards away. Crawling with frantic haste to them, she picked up the revolver, and then turned back to the plateau's edge, sprawling down full length in a position at the top of the slope.

While she had slept, the Indians had crept up under cover of the dusk to the foot of the rock. With the deepening twilight, and emboldened by the quiet on top, a dozen of them full armed, where the night before they had carried only knives, had climbed a quarter of the way up when Doris' unexpected appearance drew a hasty shot from one of them. With her apparent fall the climbers quickened their movements, and no longer came on cautiously. Below, the remaining ones began the ascent as fast as room would permit.

Hardly had Doris thrown herself down, when three close-gathered forms loomed before her, within thirty feet of the top. Steadying her arm, she fired rapidly three times. In the bad light and shooting down the incline as she was at their dimly moving forms, the bullets missed their mark. At this, the momentarily dismayed trio took courage and came on, now rapidly.

The first one reached and surmounted the last rude step, but, all intent with their clambering, they had no chance to use their guns. With sudden fright at their nearness, Doris pressed her finger and held it upon the trigger. Like a miniature machine gun the latest model automatic answered, throwing its rain of seven remaining bullets at the men before her.

In the act of rushing up the little incline between the last step and the plateau's edge, the leader doubled up, fell forward; the second man, farther behind, stumbled, fell, and went rolling down the incline. The third, suddenly cunning, crouched down on the last creviced step, and swung his gun into position.

With her gun trained upon him, Doris heard the harsh click of her automatic—the sound like the snapping on of an electric light switch—and realized it was empty. With a leap she sprang up, whirling back to her second position. As she did so, the leading invader fired. She heard the bullet whine past her as she dropped down, both hands snatching up the thirty-thirty. Throwing the gun across the soap box, she crouched full length behind this flimsy barrier, waiting.

Close on the heels of the first Indian were now a dozen; but, in her new position, Doris could not see them till they would show over the edge of the slope. In the flashing moment of time before she expected they would come, she slipped fresh "clip" into the revolver, leaving it lying ready when the thirty-thirty should be emptied. Then she lay feverishly waiting, her eyes glued upon the ground a dozen yards before her.

As she lay she was suddenly aware that it was unusually dark, and that the darkness was increasing every minute. Gazing up, she noted the sky was blackly overcast with rain clouds, gathering for a storm. Her shoulder burned dully; she shivered a little from the warm blood trickling down her body. Again her glance darted back to the danger line, but no form showed. Made wise by experience, the Indians were concentrating along the whole stretch below the crest, for in moving back Doris had given them opportunity to mobilize for a rush.

It seemed hours, tho it was perhaps three minutes, when a blurred spot moved into her view. She fired, but on either hand—to right, to left, in front of her—more came popping up together. She fired three times in quick succession, but wildly under the press of the horror of their terrible nearness.

"Steady! Steady!" she gasped aloud, in fierce effort to retain calm control of herself.

There was no time to take accurate aim; and it was too dark. But she tried to make her bullets tell. Perhaps thirty seconds elapsed before her opening fire and the moment when the chamber clicked empty. She saw forms stagger—go down. She was sure of five; but was, too, aware that many more had reached the crest and thrown themselves flat upon the surface of the plateau. In the quickly deepened darkness she could no longer make out the outlines of a form once it dropped to lying position on the dark-colored moss that covered the rock.

And now, because of this, she knew further defense was useless! She hadn't a chance if she remained lying where she was!

Almost with the comprehension, flashed a way out—the hoisting pulley!

It stood on the extreme edge of the farther side of the rock, directly behind the larger tent, having been raised there because that was the only place where a sufficiently large crevice in the granite offered a hold for the supporting stake. To one end of the rigging rope was attached a stout iron hook, with which the goods had been raised.

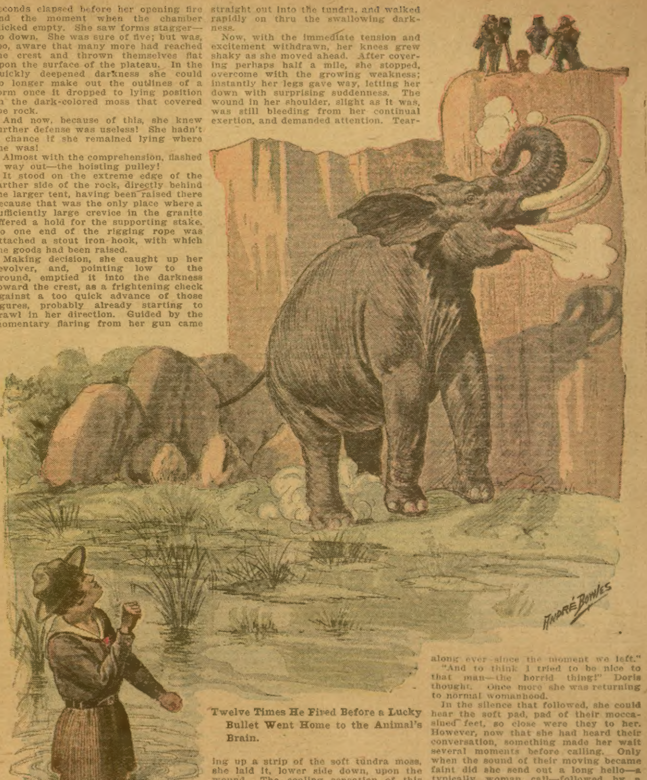
Making decision, she caught up her revolver, and, pointing low to the ground, emptied it into the darkness toward the crest, as a frightening check against a too quick advance of those figures, probably already starting to crawl in her direction. Guided by the momentary flaring from her gun came two answering shots, the bullets singing close over her head.

Throwing down the revolver, Doris began worming her way toward the pulley. And behind her, fearful, but ever moving stealthily forward, came a creeping line of savages.

Getting behind the big tent, Doris rose to her hands and knees, and so moved faster. Hardly three minutes after abandoning her position, she reached the pulley. Swiftly winding the rope around her body a little below the hips, she caught the hook in the stout manila in front of her. Pulling on the other end of the rope she drew till the hood pressed tight against her body. Both hands still holding fast, she stepped into space. The operation had necessitated allowing nearly two feet of slack, so, when her weight came fully to bear on the rope, this slack let her drop momentarily, then brought her up sharply with a sickening, tightening pressure. Fortunately, the pulley wheel was a large one, distributing the pressure on the rope so that her hands and arms stood the first jerk, and after that she was enabled to let herself down with sufficient slowness so that the pulley rope did not burn her hands in the doing.

Gasping with relief, she touched the ground; loosening the rope, she stood a moment deciding upon a plan of action. Satisfied that the whole Indian force had centered around the approach to the plateau, she moved quickly straight out into the tundra, and walked rapidly on thru the swallowing darkness.

Now, with the immediate tension and excitement withdrawn, her knees grew shaky as she moved ahead. After covering perhaps half a mile, she stopped, overcome with the growing weakness; instantly her legs gave way, letting her down with surprising suddenness. The wound in her shoulder, slight as it was, was still bleeding from her continual exertion, and demanded attention. Tearing up a strip of the soft tundra moss, she laid it, lower side down, upon the wound. The cooling sensation of this brought noticeable relief. She sank back with a little sigh. Lying on her right side she stretched full length, cuddling her cheek in her hand—and for the first time comprehended how weary she was!



Twelve Times He Fired Before a Lucky Bullet Went Home to the Animal's Brain.

In spite of the chilliness of the air and the cloud of mosquitoes that had suddenly come to life around, Doris was just dozing off when the sound of voices brought her to a sitting position. Leaning forward, tense there on the tundra, she sat vainly peering into the wall of night closing all around, an enveloping pall, opaque, heavily odored of the still unfallen rain.

But there was no sound, only that infinite silence "drumming" in her ears. Satisfied that the voices had been but the result of her overexcited condition, she relaxed again in hope of snatching a few minutes' rest to make her fit to soon push on again.

Hardly had her head touched the tundra when once more she sat up sharply; this time there was no mistake. Clear, distinct to her from directly ahead, came the words: "How far do you think now, Isadore?" It was Ayelward's voice, then the breed's answer: "Maybe mile; maybe not so much; but purty soon now."

She was just going to shriek aloud a joyous summoning call when Ayelward, again speaking, caused her to catch her breath sharply, and a warm flush to steal over her cheeks as she heard: "I'm positive I heard shooting a while back. My God, if anything has happened to that little woman, I'll never forgive myself for leaving her alone!"

It was not so much the words, but the tone of his voice—a note deeper, different from ordinary expressed fear for a friend—that started the woman's heart to beating queerly.

Then came to her Grahame's contemptuous, scornful reply. "Bosh! Nothing could happen to her. She's safer on that rock than in any big city. Upon my word, Ayelward, one would think you were in love. You've been wondering about how that woman was getting along ever since the moment we left."

"And to think I tried to be nice to that man—the horrid thing!" Doris thought. Once more she was returning to normal womanhood.

In the silence that followed, she could hear the soft pad, pad of their moccasined feet, so close were they to her. However, now that she had heard their conversation, something made her wait several moments before calling. Only when the sound of their moving became faint did she send out a long hello—a typically woman call—followed by a long shrill trill. Three times more she called—softer, less prolonged—before they found her.

Then they circled around, all talking at once, sharply questioning, voicing wondering comment. But of only one thing was the girl aware—Ayelward was on his knees beside her, his face held close, very tense and white. And with a queer inward feeling that was mirth, and yet not mirth, she heard him murmuring, very low: "I knew something had happened to you. What a fool to leave you—what a fool!"

She thought it better to close her eyes for a minute and go limp. When she heard him asking: "Where are you hurt?" she opened her eyes slowly, and straightened up with an effort.

"It's nothing at all," she said, now coolly self-possessed.

At this Ayelward got to his feet with the clumsy haste of a boy suddenly caught stealing candy from a child.

Then, aware of the pressing need of immediate action, Doris launched into a brief recital of the happenings of the past few hours.

"Great Heavens! The camera and film!" gasped Rogers. "If they ever get hold of that it means all the trip back to Edmonton to be made over again, if you want any moving pictures."

"Well, it's too dark for them to have done much as yet," snapped Grahame. "Chances are," he went on, making shrewd deduction, "that when they find they are in undisputed possession of the plateau, they'll wait for daylight to divide up the spoil and carry it away."

"In that case the dark is our friend, two ways," Ayelward said quickly. "We can circle around, and perhaps climb the rock before they discover us, as they certainly won't be looking for an attack."

So Ayelward, Grahame, Rogers and Isadore decided to move ahead at once, leaving Johnny Loutit with Doris, now made comfortable on a bed of the men's combined blankets. Tho the girl did not feel equal to accompanying them, she protested hotly against any one being left with her, but to no avail.

Had the matter rested with either Grahame or Rogers, or the two together, her plea to be left alone might have won hearing and acceptance. But when she voiced it, Ayelward took upon himself the refusal. "Johnny WILL stay. That's all there is to it. Now you keep quiet, and go to sleep."

Yet, instead of being angry at his rude manner and the dictatorial gruffness of his command, Doris immediately became very meek, and snuggled down silently in the folds of the "four-point" blankets.

It was not until the attacking party had moved off into the darkness that curiosity woke in Doris at the oddness of their looming so suddenly and opportunely upon her at a time when she had thought them several days' march away.

Propping herself on her elbow, she faced her companion, sitting crosslegged near by, silently smoking.

In answer to her questions Johnny, for once condescending to lapse into English, replied: "Two days ago we find him rock. After we leave you we walk two days till we come to him river. Then we all go long bank, each man take maybe two miles to find him. We all look ver' hard five days, then Isadore he find him. Then we start back. First day we walk maybe forty mile. Today we purty near home when it begin get dark. Then Chief Ayelward he say, 'We keep a-goin'. So we come on. Little while back before we come on you—oh, maybe mile or so, Boss Ayelward he sure he hear shootin'. Isadore think so too, but not sure. Other fellow, Boss Grahame, he laugh; say, 'Boss, you real funny, you just like old maid. I think maybe you stuck on that girl, all time think about her, all the time 'fraid for her.'"

"All right, Johnny, that will do," Doris interrupted hastily. "And then you found me."

Johnny nodded, and relit his pipe. In the silence that followed Doris dozed off, and slept so soundly that the momentary cracking of rifles in the distance did not waken her.

When a gentle shake at last brought returning consciousness, she looked up to face warm sunshine, and saw Ayelward smiling down upon her.

"Everything's all right, little girl," he said softly. "The beggars, after they found the camp was theirs, left only two men guarding it, while, I guess, they took their wounded back to their own camp. We got to the top without a hitch, and bowled their sentries over before they knew what was coming. The others must have heard the shooting, but perhaps they thought it was just their own men celebrating. Anyway, they didn't start to come near the rock till it was broad daylight, and then the four of us began shooting. I guess they thought an army must have flown down out of the air. At least, so I should judge by the way they hiked for their camp, pulled stakes and paddled away in their canoes."

Revived by this cheering news and strengthened by her sound sleep, Doris a minute later crawled from the blankets. Barring a little stiffness and a slight pain from the wound, she felt all right, and, walking slowly, accompanied Ayelward and Johnny back to the rock.

CHAPTER VI.

MOVING thru a fine drizzle, under a sodden August sky, over tundra wet and spongy from a week of continued rain, came the little party.

Seven days' march behind them lay the rock, with tents still standing, and, piled high within, the major portion of their stores. A week following the retaking of the rock from the Indians they had begun their journey in search of the valley. Traveling with only the barest necessities, and subsisting mostly upon game—Arctic hare and caribou, here in abundance—they had made fast time to the cairn on the river. From there on, tho the going was slower, they had still made good progress, in spite of the discomforts of a week of rain, for Napsis Mooswaw had marked the way plentifully with extremely large-sized signposts of piled rocks and chunks of pure copper, here lying about in profusion.

It was nearly noon when, seemingly of one accord, the entire party came to a sudden stop, sniffing a queer odor just drifted to their nostrils.

Above the dank smell of the dripping moss, above the smoky tang of autumn, now in the air for many days, this new, unfamiliar scent rose superior, filling all the atmosphere with its heavy presence.

"Boiling sulphur!" Almost in unison the four whites chorused the words.

And to Ayelward, as he said it, came sharply memory of one part of Cheequina's tale.

"Come on," he said exultantly, and broke into faster pace, the others close at his heels.

Two hundred yards farther on they topped a low rise, and below, perhaps a third of a mile away, caught sight of a good-sized rivulet. Under the spell of the exciting thought this brought, Ayelward broke into a trot, then into a run, bringing him to the stream's bank a good hundred yards ahead of the less strong-winded whites, while the breeds came on still farther behind—no power short of impending death could break their methodic, regulation stride.

Stooping down, Ayelward dipped his hand into the slow-flowing, oddly yellow water. It was quite warm, and now, all around, the air was sickeningly charged with sulphur fumes. Scooping some of the water up in his hat brim, he gulped a mouthful. It was so chokingly strong as to set him coughing, bringing tears momentarily to his eyes.

Springing up he greeted the others, just arrived, with: "It's it! It's it! This is the stream the old fellow crossed just before he came to the valley!"

And then suddenly, as if in answer to his words, there came from beyond a strange, long cry, a wild trumpeting, at first low, heavy, like the rumbling mutter of distant thunder, then rising, rising—a shrill, ear-piercing crash of sound, yet, with all the sharpness, freighted with subtle modulation—a vibrant second motif, a melancholy, almost piteous toning, fibrous in note as from some great pain born of eternal loneliness and longing for kindred things.

It was unworldly, uncanny; a thing at once a menacing bellow, harshly discordant, and a heart-hungry plaint, querulous, supplicating.

It split the soundless silence of the far-stretching, interminable tundra with such startling, frightening suddenness, that involuntarily the little group shuddered, glancing fearfully at one another, while up and down their spines ran cold shivers.

"My God!" gasped the less controlled Rogers. "It sounds like the crack of doom!"

Muttering rapidly protective prayers, the breeds crossed themselves over and over, the whites of their brown eyes showing grotesquely under stress of quickly arisen fears.

But following a momentary start at the unexpectedness of the noise, the faces of Ayelward, Grahame, Rogers and Doris lit with eager, expectant light.

Already soaked, from traveling since daybreak in the rain, they dropped their loads and plunged into the shallow, narrow stream. A dozen steps brought them to the low bank of the opposite side, and they hurried on, walking abreast, unnoticing the two swarthy breeds, almost pale, standing trembling behind.

And then, a hundred yards farther on, just as Napsis Mooswaw had done in the long ago, they came to a sudden halt at the edge of a precipitous cliff. As one man they flung themselves down, leaning with necks craned far over and staring into the wondrous valley.

But at the moment they had no eyes for its contour or scenic beauty—only saw below them, not two hundred yards away, the marvelous, unbelievable thing from whence the sound had been emitted the moment before.

There it stood, lazily browsing, its great form looming up thru the drifting veil of the rain and steam—a huge, monstrous mass of prehistoric flesh, still living, breathing, real!

Impossible as it seemed, here before their eyes it was—a sensate creature moving on in alien time, a lonely relic without kind, the last of its line.

Again to their ears came that terrible trumpeting, a cacaphonic calling that leaped from wall to wall of the valley, and was flung back, again and again, echo upon echo, till all the air seemed filled with its tremoring.

Awed, silent, hardly breathing, they lay for a long time watching the thing as it fed upon the tall grass that grew profusely over the entire floor of the place.

Presently, their curiosity for the time being satisfied, they turned their attention to the surroundings.

Below them, for perhaps an area of two hundred acres, the valley stretched a level plain, richly green with high-growing grass, and plentifully dotted here and there with clumps of trees. Directly opposite against the other cliff line was a tiny lake, clear, placid. In the form of a great oval the cliffs rose all around sheerly perpendicular, and of an even height of some seventy feet, the whole formation an abrupt gash in the surrounding reaches of the tundra. Evidently at some far remote date a great river had rolled here. Then, thru some vast upheaval in the long ago, it all had been filled in to the level of the surrounding plain, except this one short stretch.

And the mastodon, trapped and impotent, for all its hugeness and strength, had tramped on year after year in this strange home.

But despite the changes that time's attrition had made in the neighboring country, the valley itself was still rich with growths, foreign and alien to this semi-Arctic land. And over the place lay a warmer atmosphere, product of various bubbling geysers that here and there thruout the valley shot tall streams into the air, to drop again and be soaked up by the earth and the growing vegetation around. That these geysers were not alkaline or sulphurous in nature was evident from the prodigality of the plant growth around them.

In fact, now that the party lay on the edge of the valley, the odor of sulphur was less pronounced; but as they gazed around, their eyes caught sight of a heavy vapor rising from the surface of the tundra at the extreme end of the valley on their right. Later exploration revealed this to be a huge sulphur spring, from which was born the stream they first had crossed.

With decidedly cheerful spirits they at last arose.

"Well, we're made," Ayelward said, joyously, "and now let's have something to eat." Then for the first time they missed Isadore and Johnny.

"Why, I'll bet they were too scared to come," Doris laughed.

Turning, they saw the two breeds seated on the far side of the stream. And not until Ayelward had gone back and talked reassuringly for several minutes did they consent to approach and look down into the valley of the great beast.

Within a dozen feet of the edge of the cliff line, the little party presently threw down their blankets. For days they had moved in a treeless country. A fire was a luxury to be gained only after much walking and gathering the dry limbs of a kind of creeping juniper and dried caribou chips. Here, along the edge of the cliffs, grew a few stunted poplars, but they were too green. So the party started out on their regular collecting. It was not until a suitable pile stood ready that they realized that they had no water, for the stream back of them was unfit for consumption.

Confronted with the fact, they stood staring blankly at each other. Then suddenly Doris said: "There's lots of water in the little lake in the valley. We can walk around to the other side, and make our camp there."

"But we are no nearer it there than we are here," objected Grahame.

"Why, what did we bring that hundred feet of rope for," she replied, "if not for just this emergency? To it we can tie the pail and drop it down into the water."

"Sure!"—"That's right!"—"I'd clean forgotten it for the moment!"—Grahame, Ayelward and Rogers said severally.

So, gathering up their various packs, they started around the end of the cliffs for the other side.

"Thank Heaven, I won't have to pack that any more, at least for a few days, anyway," Rogers said, setting down the moving-picture camera as they came to a stop. The somewhat bulky hardwood box of this and the tripod, and the box of film had, in fact, been the most difficult load of the whole journey, tho each one of the party, except Doris, had taken turns at carrying it.

But now they found that the lake—from the other side apparently almost touching the cliff edge—was a good two hundred feet away.

"Well, I am the lightest, you can loop the rope and let me down," Doris again suggested, upon their making this discovery.

"But, great Heaven, that brute is bound to be dangerous!" Ayelward protested, aghast at the suggestion.

"Maybe he is; but look, he's nearly a quarter of a mile away. You can lower me, and I can run and get the water and be pulled up again before that clumsy thing could reach me."

Sure enough, following her pointing, they saw the mastodon had finished his eating and was lying down near the upper end of the valley.

So, quickly, they straightened out the rope. Drawing up about three feet of the end of it, they tied it with a double, reverse, non-slipping knot to form a riding loop.

Seated in this, pail over arm, her two hands gripping the rope above the loop, Doris was let slowly over the edge, and lowered to the bottom.

Intent on their labors, none of them noticed the mastodon get to its feet when Doris was still halfway down. With its sharp, beady little eyes fastened upon her unfamiliar form, the great beast, without a sound, began a cautious yet rapid approach.

Moving leisurely, idly swinging the pail, Doris was halfway to the water's edge when a cry from the top of the cliff halted her. Wondering, but unalarmed, she turned.

"Come back! Come back! It's coming!" All of the men were crouched over the edge, waving her to return.

But Doris, glancing up, saw the mastodon was a good distance away; and, sure in her ability to make the trip easily, long before such a slow-moving beast could reach the spot, she broke into a run for the lake shore.

Her judgment of the monster was bad. Immediately excited by her faster movements, it broke into a gallop.

With a full pail in hand, Doris had just started back when, with a horrible sinking of heart, she realized that this gigantic pachyderm, for all its vastness, was possessed of a tremendous speed.

Like a locomotive on a fast express, it was coming toward her, eating up the distance at a pace that made impossible her being drawn up before it would be upon her.

A long moment she stood absolutely still, her eyes roving around in wild, vain search for a way of escape. Then a thought struck her. It might be wrong, yet it was a possibility—the only one.

Dropping the pail, she turned squarely about, and running as she had never run before, made straight for the reedy marge of the lake.

An affrighted wail rose in unison from the crouching men. Palsied with the horror of the situation, they lay without moving, gazing with starting eyes at the race of death below.

On Doris went, and so close now was the pursuing mastodon that she could hear the hiss of its labored breathing.

Then, all in a moment, her heart was glad as she felt her feet sinking a little in the soft ooze of the boggy shore. Straight on she flew into the lake. The water was shallow yet, but she felt the ooze clutching harder at her feet. Her run slowed to a great striding scramble. The water reached her knees, her hips, but still she splashed ahead.

It seemed hours, tho really it was only a minute, before she heard behind her a queer whine, a vast wheezing intonation of baffled rage, followed by a loud squashing plop-plop, a momentary thunderous suctioning, as of some great

(Continued on Page 27.)

THE AMERICAN-BORN

They met in the center of No Man's Land
When the night was still and dark,
And skirmished there, with a serious care,
Where the deadly shells find mark.

They clinched in combat, man to man,
And the blinking stars looked down
On a stalwart Hun and a youthful one
In a draggled suit of brown.

Then, "Och, kamerad!" cried the losing man,
As he lifted his hands in air,
While sputtering shell from the nearby hell
Burst close, with its flickering glare,

And the youth broke free, and "Die," said he.
"Foul dog of a Hun that you are!"
Then, "God!" he cried, as the Hun replied,
"My uncle, from Holgafar!"

In No Man's Land, while the night was still
Two soldiers clasped hands and wept;
Tho one was a Hun, by the other one
Was American faith well kept!

Out in the center of No Man's Land
The blinking stars looked down
On a dying Hun and his brother's son
In a khaki suit of brown!

—GRACE E. HALL.

The Other Man's Wife

By Margery Land May

The Story Up to Now.

CHAPPIE RODERICK had loved beautiful Joan Derwent, in New York, and they had been betrothed, but the captivating Joan had thrown him over, and, coveting a title of European nobility, had married Count de la Cour, of Paris. Roderick, being an educated engineer, for a number of years found partial forgetfulness in big engineering tasks in South America. Then his father dying and leaving him some millions, he left the swamps and jungles of South America behind and appeared in Paris, hungry for a different sort of life. He found it. His very first night at the opera he met Joan Derwent, now the gay wife of Count de la Cour. His old passion for her burst into fresh flame. Joan eagerly sought to renew her power over him. The same night he met Bijou Johns, a most exquisite young girl; niece of Count de la Cour. Strange and momentous things grew out of the meeting. Roderick also met that first night Monsieur Felipe Fernandez, a Spaniard, who was paying amorous court to Joan. Jealousy kindled into life at once. Roderick, who was connected with the American Embassy at Paris, began to find more interesting entertainment than questions of international politics.

If you wish to go on with the story you can do so from here, but if you prefer you can get the first chapters by ordering back copies. The story began in No. 3, dated January 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER IV.

"BUT I tell you, Joan, I refuse to use the child any more as a medium for seeing you. It isn't fair," said Roderick, as he and the Countess sat sipping their liqueurs in the library of his house on the Faubourg St. Honore. They had just come in from a canter in the Bois.

Joan laughed merrily. "Has my dear old stupid at last awakened to the fact that Bijou has succumbed to his beautiful eyes?" She crossed over to him, and seating herself on the arm of his chair, tousled his hair playfully. "And 'having ears ye hear not and eyes ye see not.' My, how modest we are!"

He glanced up at her quickly. "And you knew all the time that Bijou was thinking more of me than she should?" he questioned her with amazement.

She nodded her head. "Of course, and I have been watching the little comedy with a great deal of mirth—unrequited passion a la Moliere. Really, you two were quite droll in your platonic roles." She lifted her brows, and leaning down, kissed him on the lips. "Brotherliness becomes you, Chappie. I never thought of you as possessing anything but red corpuscles until I saw you with that bewitching child." She burst into a gale of mocking laughter.

He pulled her toward him and held her in his arms. "Really, Joan, I sometimes think that I should despise you——"

"But you don't, do you, cheri?"

His face became sullen. "No, I don't, but sometimes I can't help but think that this is all wrong. I have never thought of myself in the role of a home-breaker," he answered moodily.

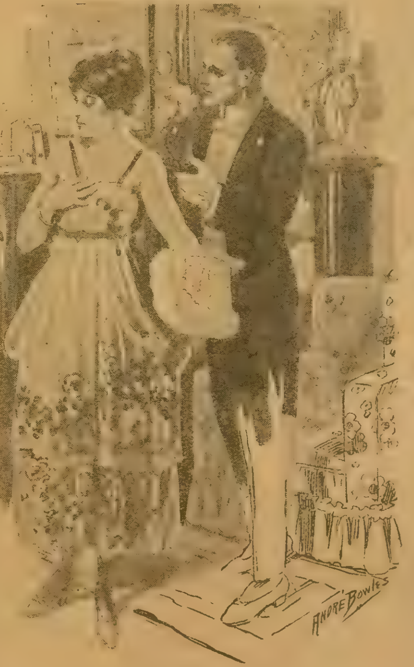
"Are you developing conscientious scruples at this late age, Chappie? Don't be troubled, boy. You are not that nefarious thing—a wrecker of homes. Henri and I long ago reached a stage of indifference as concerns our respective morals and immorals. My dear hubby has too great an appreciation for the wings of my American eagles to trouble himself unduly about the condition of my soul. I notice that he is not particularly careful about adhering to his marriage vows. Surely I should be allowed to flirt a little with an old sweetheart of mine." She rose and picked up her gloves. "It is getting dark and I must run—I have some ugly ducklings booked for dinner, and they will be avalanching themselves upon me before I have time to make myself beautiful if I do not tear myself away from you this moment."

He arose and accompanied her to the door and from thence to her waiting limousine. Already it was dark, and the lights on the streets were lit. As he helped her into her car he brought her hand to his lips.

"I love you," he said softly.

"I adore you," she whispered back.

As he watched the limousine whirl out of sight he smiled happily, but that smile faded from his face when, on turning to go into the house again, he met the amused glance of Fernandez, and knew that the Spaniard had seen Joan coming from his front door.



"Chappie! You Must Be Mad!"

What was to be the outcome of his affair with Joan, he wondered, as he reentered his library, and sank wearily into a chair. Why was he not strong enough to break with her at once and for all, and take up his life again? Why had Fate thrown her into his path again, and why had that same Fate kept her beautiful thru all these years?

That hers was not a wholesome influence, he knew. He recognized the fact that he was not making the rapid strides in diplomatic circles that he had hoped, that he was wasting his golden opportunity for success in throwing it at the dainty feet of Joan de la Cour. And yet, tho he knew her to be vain, selfish and shallow, he still loved and desired her with that intensity with which a man on a sun-baked waste of desert lands pants for the cooling shade of an oasis in which a spring of clear water may be found.

Suddenly he was conscious of a transition of thought, and saw himself staring into the eyes of Bijou—those beseeching eyes that held in their depths the hearts of violets. Poor little Bijou! Had he brought her suffering and unhappiness—that same vain longing that had burdened him in those days when he was fighting for life and fame in the thickets of South America? Why had he been so blind? Why had he, usually so quick of intuition, failed to see that love was relentlessly pushing this bud of girlhood into a beautiful rose of womanhood? Why, why, why? He buried his head in his hands with a groan. He was a weakling and a coward and he despised himself.

In the midst of his self-recrimination the evil face of Fernandez flashed before him. He jerked up in his chair. What was the Spaniard, with his intense nature and his equally intense racial hatreds, going to do? He knew that he had never forgiven him for whipping him across the cheek that night in the barroom of the Jockey Club. Fernandez loved Joan—wanted her and was not likely to give her up without a fight. To what issues would his passion lead him, Roderick asked himself? Had it been an ill chance that had led him to the Faubourg St. Honore at the very moment Joan was emerging from his door, or had the fellow been spying on them?

Weary with his clamorous thinking, he rose from his chair and, staggering to a tabouret, poured himself a stiff drink. Then he threw himself on a divan, and was soon lost in flushed and unnatural sleep.

Roderick might well have asked himself to what extent Fernandez's love for Joan would lead him, for at that very moment that he had thrown himself down to sleep, the Spaniard was closeted in a private room in the Cercle de la Rue Royale with Count de la Cour.

"Well, Fernandez, what can I do for you?" the Frenchman asked, as the waiter brought their drinks and cigarettes and left them alone together. "Has Madame la Comtesse been treating you with due respect these days, or have her versatile affections flown elsewhere?"

He smiled suavely and rubbed his well-kept hands together. Henri de la Cour was a slim, well-turned-out man of medium height. Upon his thin face was stamped his heritage of good breeding, which even his dissipation had been unable to eradicate. A short black mustache grew on his upper lip and added to his air of aristocratic distinction.

He was the type of "gentilhomme" who always looks as if he had just stepped from the hands of both barber and valet; and about him there was a certain dignity and reserve that imparted charm to his personality. He was not a popular man except with a certain class of women. One felt instinctively that he was not to be trusted—that had he lived in the seventeenth century he would have had no scruples about stabbing any one in the back who did not live up to his ideas of the good and the beautiful.

He was a snob—a nobleman who considered those less noble in birth the scum of the world—mere rabble who for some unaccountable reason were allowed to inhabit th[illegible] of the earth. He had considered [illegible] marriage to the wealthy Joan Derwent a deplorable but necessary evil, and after the first bloom of passion had worn off [illegible] her to go her way just [illegible] provided him with ample means with which to dress and house his aristocratic person. Such a man was Count Henri de la Cour, and tho he [illegible] dwelling spirit of evil [illegible] suave veneer of polish and [illegible] such the world knew him.

As he sat there, calm, poised and sarcastic, an ironical smile curled on his lips, Fernandez found it hard to begin his talk with him.

The Frenchman, [illegible], remarked easily [illegible] monsieur. I should [illegible] accommodate you in any way [illegible] my power."

Fernandez lit a cigarette and puffed at it a moment before beginning: "Count de la Cour, we may as well be frank with each other."

"Oh, let us be frank by all means, by all means!"

Fernandez winced under [illegible] sarcasm but continued: "I suppose that you are well aware that there has been a great deal of talk about the devotion of this American, Mr. Roderick, to your wife."

La Cour shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "There is always a lot of talk about my wife—in one way or another. I suppose that this American is another flame, eh?"

"Yes, one might [illegible] him [illegible] he is certainly most attentive, and —" He hesitated.

"And since you are in love with the lady yourself you [illegible] bear him no good-will that is [illegible] plain and also human. Pray pr[illegible]" The Count sipped his cocktail slowly and gazed at the Spaniard thru lowered lids. Really he was enjoying himself immensely. What fools men made of themselves!

Fernandez flushed. "Well, [illegible] put it that way—yes, I do [illegible], and since it is quite evident th[illegible] not—why can't some bargain [illegible] between us to get rid of the American?"

"Would you suggest divorce? Since we are dealing in such glaring [illegible] may as well say that [illegible] married the Countess for her mone[illegible] It is still under her control, tho she [illegible] good sportsman and has been [illegible] to pay heavily for the privilege of a title. I am not prepared to give up my comfortable living, even for a gentleman whom I respect as highly as I do yourself." He bowed his sleek head.

"Well, I understand your position, of course, but could you not threaten divorce proceedings if this affair between your wife and Roderick does not come to a halt?"

There was a long silence and then La Cour replied slowly:

"[illegible] truth; I [illegible] There are certain appearances that have to be kept up, and under the best of circumstances matrimony is always a bore." He leaned forward and fixed his eyes on his vis-a-vis. "Under the circumstances I will agree to help you get rid of Roderick, if you will in turn aid me in securing the evidence for such a divorce, and will assist me in marrying this same Roderick to my niece, Bijou Johns. That seems a queer statement to make to you, I have no doubt, but perhaps the mystery will be explained when I tell you that my niece, who has lived with me during the last four years since her parents' death, is to receive three millions of dollars if she is not married by the time she is 22. If she is married before that, this amount goes to me. This eccentric will was made by an equally eccentric relative of ours who did not believe in marriage. Bijou knows nothing of this, of course, and so you can easily understand that it would be quite to my advantage to have her married before her next birthday, which will be three months from today. Now, if you can suggest a way by which this fellow Roderick can be made to marry Bijou before that time, I will promise to do all that I can to help you with your plans."

Again a silence fell between them, as Fernandez thought over the words that he had just heard, and then, suddenly, he slapped his hands together sharply and sprang to his feet. "Splendid, my dear Count—splendid! What you have just told me eases the situation wonderfully." He sat down again and drew his chair close to that in which the Count was sitting. "Why not send for this Roderick, tell him that you have heard a great deal of unsavory gossip concerning him and your wife, play the part of abused and adoring husband, and demand that he engage himself to your niece in order to stop the talk and give some plausible and conventional reason for his constant visits to your home at all hours of the day and night? Impress upon him the fact that the scandal of a divorce with him named as co-respondent would not only ruin the good name of the Countess, but would ruin his career as a diplomat, also. Tell him that, once his engagement to Miss Johns is announced, people will naturally think that there was nothing to his affair with Joan, and will, in fact, forget all about it. Altho I do not care for Roderick, I will say that I think he possesses that softness of heart that is characteristic of Americans, and I have no doubt that he will go to any length to protect the name of the woman he loves. Once he is engaged to Miss Johns, it will be an easy matter to hasten the marriage, and, by so doing, acquire control of the money that was to have been inherited by her under such unique conditions."

"But, my dear sir," interposed La Cour, "how will that plan aid yours? Really, I can't quite see what advantage it would be to you."

"Well, once Roderick is out of the way, things will arrange themselves between Joan and myself. You might, when you have come into your millions, allow her to divorce you quietly, and thus leave the field open for me. It seems to me that if this plan can be put into effect the arrangement would be advantageous all around."

La Cour smiled dryly. "Your idea is a good one, but you seem to have left the affections of the Countess out of the question altogether. Suppose she loves this American and refuses to be put off in any such manner?"

Fernandez laughed. "With all due respect to your adorable wife, she is fickle of heart, and I have every reason to believe that her affair with Roderick is but a transient one. But, while speaking of affections, have you any reason to suppose that Miss Johns will simply marry Roderick because he asks her? It seems to me that she is the unknown quantity in the case."

"Do not let that trouble you for a moment, for I am quite sure that Bijou is greatly infatuated with him. You know they have been going together a great deal of late." He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and smiled. "'Monsieur Lupin,' the case is in your hands—but remember that unless I have proof of my wife's indiscretions I cannot confront Roderick with them."

Fernandez—rose. "You shall have those proofs, I assure you. Good night, monsieur—and thanks." He shook hands with La Cour and bowed his way out of the room.

The Count watched him disappear, and then threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Exit the villain," he said aloud. "Oh love, what crimes are committed in thy name!" And with that he went to the telephone to make an appointment with a little chorus lady who was quite the rage at the time at the Folies Bergeres.

CHAPTER V.

"BUT, Joan," remonstrated Roderick, "we must be more discreet. Remember that the world is not as ready to make allowances for a woman as is the man who loves her."

She rubbed her cheek against his affectionately. "Don't scold, dear. I was blue tonight, and I wanted to come and talk with you."

He held her to him gently. "Yes, but you must let me send you home now, sweetheart. Don't forget that servants are the most universal carriers of that germ called gossip. You should not have come to my house at this hour of the night."

She snuggled closer to him. "Yes, I know it, dear, but as the car passed by here I saw the light in your study, and suddenly I was lonesome for you."

"My sweetheart!" he cried softly, and then, bundling her up in her opera cloak, he led her to her waiting limousine. "Good night! Sweet dreams!" he called to her cheerily, but there was no cheerfulness in his heart as he went into the house again.

In fact, he was filled with grave forebodings, for that day he had received a letter from his uncle in America, in which that influential personage had stated in no gentle terms that he had heard from friends in Paris that Roderick was not living up to his expectations as a diplomat.

"Remember, my dear boy," he had written, "that women should never be confused with one's career. I was indeed dismayed to hear that you had taken up the threads of your old affair with Joan Derwent. I have no doubt that the little Countess is charming and beautiful as well, but I know from past experience that her influence is not a good one for you. It is always best to let the wives of other men alone—especially when you are trying to make a name for yourself in political circles, and when the least breath of scandal means death to your aspirations.

"Advice is cheap, of course, but mine to you is that you drop this affair, which seems to be creating a good deal of talk in Paris—and for an amour de coeur to create talk in that gay city it must have reached astonishing heights—and attend strictly to your duties at the Embassy. Don't make me regret, Chappie, that I called you from your successful and honorable career as an engineer, and urged you to interest yourself in international politics—and above all keep the name that your father handed to you spotless, spotless still. Remember, too, that a man's first duty to the woman he loves is to protect her from the contamination of gossip. A true American gentleman's first concern should be a woman's good name, and after that his own."

These words had caused Roderick to think long and hard, and they flashed across his mind in letters of fire when Joan, after attending a performance at the Theatre Rejane, had slipped in to see him for a moment on her way home. Somehow his mind was not so blurred with his love for her as it had been. He was beginning to see things more clearly, himself included, and he did not find the sight a pleasant one, or one that was at all conducive to self-respect.

In these days, tho he saw little of Bijou, he thought of her often, and in some unknown way the memory of the hours he had spent with her uplifted and purified him. Sweet little jewel that she was—how happy the man would be who should provide for her a heart and a home worthy enough to be a setting for her radiance and charm! He was a little weary of sophistication and worldliness—a little tired of the artificiality of the beau monde, with its lack of love and sympathy for the beautiful simplicities of life. He wished petulantly that Joan would not use quite so much rouge on her lips, but as this petty thought shot thru him he jerked himself together. Was he, after all these years, being untrue to Joan even in thought? Was he who loved her above everything else on earth analyzing and tearing her to pieces? He shuddered at the idea, but in spite of himself, as the long hours of the night wore themselves into dawn, rebellious imaginings thronged in his handsome head.

After a night of hard work and harder thinking, Roderick was little prepared for the letter that awaited him at the Embassy the next morning. It was from Count de la Cour, and requested an appointment with Roderick at his earliest convenience. Recalling the words of the letter that he had just received from his uncle, he determined to get the matter over with at once. Calling La Cour on the 'phone, he made an appointment to see him a half-hour later at his office in the Avenue de l'Opera, and after spinning over to his club for a bracer, made his way to that place in his car.

The Story of Our First Americans.

FOR years it has been the ambition of W. D. Boyce, publisher of the Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade, to write the true story of the first Americans, the Indians of the United States. No complete history of them is to be found today and there is a wide demand that such a book be written before the last of the Indians of other and more bloody days should die. This story now is running as a series of articles, each complete in itself, in The Saturday Blade. They are beautifully illustrated in all the colors and have aroused more interest than any articles of the kind since the Blade published the story of Mr. Boyce's visits to South America and our colonial possessions. The agent from whom you get the Ledger also handles the Blade, and he also can get you back numbers in which the first articles of the series appeared.

La Cour greeted him cordially. "Sit down, monsieur, sit down." He took out a gold case and offered Chappie a cigarette, which the latter took with nervous fingers, "I am sure, Mr. Roderick, that no unpleasantness need arise between us over the little talk that we are about to have together."

"I am all impatience," Roderick remarked coldly.

"Then most assuredly I will not keep you in suspense." He settled himself back comfortably in his chair. "The truth of the matter is that I have been much chagrined and surprised to hear thru friends that rumor has connected your name with that of my wife in not the most favorable light possible."

"Rumor has a little way of doing that sort of thing," Roderick replied grimly.

"Yes, that is true, but in this case, my dear sir, I have every reason to believe that for once Dame Grundy does not lie. Please hear me out," he put in, as Roderick started to interrupt him. "Your constant attendance upon the Countess at Longchamps, Versailles, and other sporting places, to say nothing of the innumerable times that you have escorted her to the opera, theater and concerts, have not, I regret to add, passed unobserved. You have visited her in my home at all hours of the night and day, and I have been told that my wife has returned these visits by going to your place in the Faubourg St. Honore, which you rented expressly for the purpose of being able to conduct these clandestine meetings as quietly as possible. Can you deny any of this?"

"No, I cannot; but I can swear on my honor as a gentleman that there has been nothing save a few mild indiscretions between the Countess and myself for which we should be condemned."

La Cour smiled coldly. "Of course, I cannot but feel a little reluctant about accepting the word of honor of a man who has robbed me of my wife's love."

Roderick made a supreme effort to control himself. "You have never possessed the love of your wife and you know it. Your marriage with her was purely a mercenary affair, and I doubt seriously whether you ever were animated by any affection whatsoever for her."

"Ah, well, if you are clairvoyant and can read the status of my feelings toward the woman whom I made my wife—there is nothing more to say on that subject." La Cour shrugged his shoulders. "What explanation have you for the nocturnal visit Joan made to your rooms last night?"

Roderick flushed a dull red. "I object to being catechised like this, Count de la Cour, but at least I can assure you that your wife was simply prompted by a woman's foolish whim when she stopped on her way from the theater at my house last night. She remained only a moment for a few words with me."

"You would have a hard time proving that to a jury in a divorce case, my dear sir," La Cour said coolly.

Roderick sprang to his feet. "Surely you do not mean to drag your wife thru the mud and slime of a divorce? I swear that nothing that has ever passed between her and myself warrants your taking such a step." His voice trembled and his face paled as he spoke.

"You did not stop to consider scandal when you entered into this affair with her. Surely you cannot expect me—the injured party—to be any more solicitous of her good name than you were."

"My God, man! How can you sit there, with your dirty past and your still dirtier present, and speak of yourself as the injured party? Joan could have divorced you years ago."

"Perhaps so, but she evidently was too fond of her title to do so. However, my sins are not the ones under question just now. Pray be seated, that we may discuss this thing calmly." He waved Roderick to a chair and continued: "I object very much to being made a fool of, Mr. Roderick, and I object to having my wife's name bandied about the clubs in connection with yours." His voice rang out incisively. "Either this talk must be stopped, or my wife must sever all connections with me." There was a silence, then he went on: "I have thought this thing over carefully, and have decided to make you a proposition. It is this: After much grave consideration of this affair I have come to the conclusion there is only one way in which this gossip can be stopped, and that is by your marriage to some woman—or rather, I would better say to one woman—my niece, Bijou Johns."

"I don't quite understand you, sir." Roderick's voice had a hard, metallic ring.

"Really the matter is quite simple and easily understood. You have been seen entering and leaving my house at all hours. People have supposed rightly that my wife was the object of those visits, but an announcement of your engagement to my niece would lead these same people to believe that she and not the Countess was the recipient of your attentions. As for Bijou, you know that she loves you, and I am quite sure a man of your versatile affections would not find it hard to return her affection in some degree."

Roderick laughed mirthlessly. "I refuse to be coerced into marriage with a woman I do not love," he said.

"The decision is with you entirely. Either you marry my niece, or I institute divorce proceedings against my wife, naming you as co-respondent. Such an action on my part would not only mean her disgrace, but the end of your diplomatic career. By marrying Bijou you will prove to the world that there was nothing to your affair with the Countess, and will stop the gaping mouth of gossip. I leave the matter entirely to your chivalrous instincts, for unless you consent to my plan I shall most assuredly drag my wife's name and yours thru the courts—and the evidence will not be particularly charming, I assure you." He rose. "That is all that I have to say. I will give you three days in which to decide."

Roderick turned on him fiercely. "I consider your action that of a coward!" he cried. "However, I will let you know what my plans are within the time specified." And with that he turned on his heel and left him. But as he jumped into his car and shot into the Boulevard des Italiens, Roderick knew that, come what might, he would protect the name of the woman he loved.

CHAPTER VI.

"JOAN, come away from Paris and all this glittering pretense of living, with me. In time La Cour will divorce you and we can marry. Let us leave for Naples tomorrow and put an end to this farce." Roderick knelt down beside Joan's chair and pleaded with her earnestly.

She opened her eyes wide and looked at him in amazement.

"Why, Chappie, you must be mad! An elopement would mean absolute ostracism from society for me. Leave my beautiful Paris? Give up my friends and my secure social position? You must be crazy!"

He winced under her sarcasm. "But, Joan, surely you love me. Surely, you have not forgotten that night in Hawaii under the hibiscus trees. Tell me that you have not——"

She moved impatiently in her chair. "Oh, Chappie, don't indulge in sentimental post-mortems, when a perfectly good skeleton is about to find an abode in my closet! Something must be done to keep Henri from instituting proceedings for a divorce." She shuddered. "I could not endure the mud of such a thing."

Roderick caught her two hands in his and held them captive. "Surely, Joan, you cannot mean that you are going to continue living with that man as his wife! Surely, you cannot and will not submit to such degradation!"

She gazed at him quizzically. "Really, Chappie, this sudden demonstration of morality on your part is to say the least vastly amusing. I don't see how you in your wildest dreams could think that I would give up all that I have gained by marriage to Henri—and besides, you, yourself, are entirely to blame for this deplorable situation. I told you while you were still living at the Ritz that we would have to be careful, but you seemed to have thrown all caution to the winds. Evidently in your masculine egotism you fondly imagined that your love would compensate for the nasty gossip that our constant companionship has created. Why, only this morning I met Baroness de Delatour in the Champs Elysees, and was practically snubbed by her. An icicle is warm in comparison to the bow with which she greeted me."

Roderick got to his feet and paced the floor impatiently.

"Joan, are you absolutely devoid of fine feeling that you can speak so unjustly to me?" He stopped and stood before her, gazing down into her cold eyes, his own flashing the fire of passionate anger. "Do you stop to realize that this affair has been equally as hard on me, and has put me in bad odor at the Embassy? Why, news of it has already reached my uncle in America!"

"And yet you would heap coals on fire by eloping to the ends of the earth with me? What would such an action mean to your political career?" Her voice was sharp as she spoke.

"Because I love you. Because I never was able to forget you after the shameful manner in which you treated me when you married Henri de la Cour. Because my passion survived those terrible years when I was trying to forget you in the wilds of South America. I am quite willing to throw my career to the winds, and offer you honorable marriage at a time when other men would cast you off like a worn-out glove." He bent over her, catching her wrist in his hand and hurting it cruelly.

She laughed. "Really, Chappie, you are quite dramatic. Without doubt you have not engaged in your rightful occupation. You should have been an actor. I am quite sure that Madame Bernhardt would offer you a leading role at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, if you would only allow her to gaze once into your flashing beautiful eyes. Please spare me heroics. They always bore me."

"How heartless and selfish you are, Joan!" he cried out furiously.

"Spare me diatribes, too—if you please. I do not ask for your love and a home in some African jungle far from the pleasures of civilization. All I ask is that you save me from the mud of a divorce. Marry Bijou—do anything that you please, but save me from the result of your own folly."

As he gazed at her sitting there as cold as marble to his pleadings, suddenly his love flared up and died. He bowed to her formally.

"According to the Scriptures," he said coldly, "heretofore I have 'seen thru a glass darkly, but now I see face to face.' You are quite right in refusing to surrender your Gothic position for the peace of a clear conscience. I know now that the still, small voice of right living has little appeal for you, and I thank God that where once I was blind I now see plainly." He laughed harshly. "You may tell your honorable husband that no woman ever has or ever will suffer disgrace at my hands—that, tho I have sunk low in my own estimation, I have not sunk so low that I will permit the sweetheart of my boyhood to be dragged thru the calumny of a divorce that she does not want." He raised her hand to his lips. "Good-by, Joan! Wish me luck and happiness, for I go now to betray the affections of a pure, innocent child that I may use her as a cat's-paw in order to rescue you from a well-deserved punishment." And with that he left her and made his way to the salon where he had been told he might find Bijou.

He discovered her sitting on a divan

before the blaze of a fire, her face cupped in her hands and her eyes fixed on the flames. At the doorway of the room he stopped for a moment and drank in her beauty. She seemed to him the incarnation of purity as she sat there, the glow of the fire casting a sheen on her coppery hair and touching her cheeks to a soft rose. For the instant his courage failed him—he thought of her as too pure—too ethereal for his touch. But at last he drew himself together and approached her softly.

"It has been a long eternity since I have seen you," he said softly, as he bent over her. "I am hoping that another such eternity will never stretch between you and me again."

She lifted her clear violet eyes to his and the brooding look in them caused his heart to sink with sadness. What was he about to do to this child, he wondered—what?

"I am glad to see you, Chappie." She made a place for him by her side. "Won't you sit down," she laughed sweetly, "and talk to me of life and love and the hunger in your heart?"

He seated himself beside her and captured one of her hands in his. "I am afraid that my experience in romantic fields does not permit me to speak of that great and noble passion."

"Ah, but why not? I am told that you have loved often—and at times long and faithfully."

She smiled at him tremulously, and at the sight of her quivering lips he bowed his handsome head. A silence fell between them, and the moments trickled swiftly thru their locked hands. As his conflicting emotions thrilled thru him, the pressure of his fingers on hers tightened to painful fierceness, and then again relaxed to gentleness, as if he would convey to her his feelings thru the clasp of his hand on hers. He was miserable, broken, tongue-tied, in the presence of so much innate sweetness. He felt that he, the perfect lover, had suddenly forgotten the golden words with which he was wont to express the intensity of his passions, and had become a mendicant in those signs of love that would adequately voice his emotions. For all at once he knew that he had been uplifted on the wings of her pure loveliness, and felt that she had unconsciously imparted to him some of her strength and beauty of soul. He had gone into the fire of misery dross, and had come out of it gold.

His tongue loosened itself, and he spoke huskily: "Bijou, little jewel, at this moment life to me means love, and love means heart hunger, unless you out of the pity and sweetness of your being will give a hungry man bread, and a thirsty man drink. Bijou, be my wife."

A long silence, pregnant and throbbing with emotion, fell between them. Roderick buried his face in his hands, not daring to touch her, fearing yet anxious to hear her reply. Finally, all her maternal tenderness aroused at the sight of him sitting there bowed in her presence, she moved nearer to him and drew his head to her young, soft breast.

"Are you quite sure that I am the bread and the drink for which you are hungering, Chappie?" she murmured

He lifted his head from its resting-place and drew her into his arms. "Quite sure, Bijou—quite sure!" he cried, in muffled tones.

At his answer she lifted her lips to his

"Then I am yours for the taking, for I love you—and believe you to be fine and good and strong."

He held her away from him and gazed at her flower-like face searchingly. "Are you willing to trust yourself and your happiness to me, sweetheart? Are you not afraid to give yourself into the keeping of a man who has dragged himself thru so much of the mud of living when he might have chosen clean paths on which to walk?"

She gave him a sweet look that expressed her confidence in him better than words could have done.

"No, I am not afraid, for I believe that the real you is all that I could wish you to be, and I trust you implicitly."

He gathered her to his heart with a tenderness in which there was no passion. "I pray God that your dear trust may never be misplaced," he whispered softly.

She leaned her head against his heart with a happy smile, but tho she did not know it, two tears from the man's eyes fell pityingly upon the coppery waves of her hair.

So their engagement was announced, and Roderick tried to be true to her, but the lure of Joan was great. This story will be brought to a conclusion in the Ledger next week.

* * *

How Time Flies.

TWO young ladies on the promenade of a fashionable seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass, thru a telescope loaned them by an ancient mariner. On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar, "that telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Mercy, mam! Why, Lord Nelson has been dead for more than 100 years."

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite unabashed, "'ow the time do fly."

Down On the Farm.

BY EARL H. EMMONS

Hay.

HAY is a loose, careless sort of article, whose principal mission in life is giving the farmer something to worry about during that part of the year when the mercury is climbing thru the top of the thermometer and trying to make altitude records. It always gets an uncontrollable desire to be attended to on the Fourth of July and it thus keeps the farmer away from the Independence day celebration and incidentally prevents his blowing some fingers off his right hand and burning the seat out of his Sunday pants.

The farmer has a lot of fun with hay, however, which helps greatly to counteract the cussedness of handling the stuff. In the first place, some one years ago said to make hay while the sun shines and the hay, hearing of this thought it was such a good idea that it always after made it a point to become ripe just when the sun was doing its best to cook the everlasting tar out of [illegible]. When the farmer starts in to make it, the first thing he must do is cut it, and during this operation he gets a good deal of [illegible] excitement cutting the top ends off a lot of his prize [illegible] and turkeys who are sitting in the hay and neglect to duck when the mower passes over them. The farm dog also enters into the sport, and while he is snooping around in the tall grass to see what he can see, he loses some of his legs and his wild glad yowls add to the excitement of the occasion considerably. Then ever and anon the end of the sickle [illegible] up a nest full of antagonistic bumblebees, who stir up things so general [illegible] the team does a couple of [illegible] of the field and dumps the mowing machine over on top of the farmer in some convenient ditch.

After the hay is cut comes another interesting performance in the loading and this is where the saying about the snake in the grass originated. There always are some snakes in the grass but for some reason the snakes do not seem to enjoy the show much. Whenever one is aroused from his midday [illegible] and [illegible] pitched onto a load of hay, or the loader comes along, grabs him up by the tail and dumps him down the open shirt front of the farmer, it makes the snake mad and he feels like kicking some one. About this time the farmer takes some rapid exercises and does a lightning disrobing act, which really is too strenuous for the sort of weather in use.

Eventually, however, the rack is filled and the driver starts off with gladness in his heart and hayseed in his hair, but before he gets more than halfway to the stack he upsets and gets his lungs full of chaff, the atmosphere full of violent cuss words and his hide full of pitchfork holes before he can be uncovered. Then, when the hay is again pushed back on the wagon, the farmer drives to the stack to unload it, and he gets two raps on the head from a fifty-pound hay fork on the end of a rope, and he goes home, feeling somewhat discouraged.

Then when he gets up in the morning he discovers that during the night an eighty mile wind has been working on his haystack and scattered it all over a quarter section.

But, nevertheless, it is a great thing, hay is. It is used extensively for making breakfast foods and mattresses and for packing china and for hay rides and hay fever.

* * *

A Bite.

FOR the purpose of advertising fishing rods, a storekeeper hung a large rod outside his shop, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night Perkins, who had been dining a bit too well, happened to see the fish. Going cautiously to the door he knocked gently.

"Who's there?" demanded the shopkeeper from an upper window.

"Sh-h! Don't make a noise, but come down as quietly as you can," whispered Perkins.

Thinking something serious was the matter, the man dressed and stole downstairs. "Now, what is it?" he inquired.

"Hist!" admonished Perkins. "Pull in your line quick; you've got a bite."

* * *

The Speed Limit.

"AT CHATTANOOGA," said a veteran of the Civil War, "one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unwounded and unabashed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it.

"'I only retreated in good order,' he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had retreated.'

"'Well, I'll tell you, Cap'n,' he said, "if I had been at home, and going after the doctor, folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!'"

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Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization, history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.

[illegible] 15c [illegible] 13 [illegible] center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the [illegible] tells the truth and only the truth; now in its [illegible] year. This paper [illegible] the bill without emptying the purse; it [illegible] a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the [illegible] of time or money, this is your means. If you [illegible] which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appre[illegible] clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a [illegible] 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 2[illegible], Washington, D. C.**

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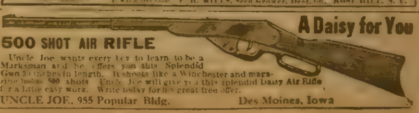

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His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

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You Can Begin the Story Now

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist, the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors he spends three days and nights in an open boat, where his care of a woman and child prove his heroism. Just as an eastbound French liner picks them up, Kennedy swoons from loss of blood, his arm having been severely lacerated. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor. Realizing that she has discovered letters in Carroll's coat, which she takes to be his, he fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy has reason to believe it assumed. When alone, he discovers, in looking over the letters, that Carroll was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information for the United States by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so. The next day, the nurse, with whom he has unconsciously fallen in love, avoids him, but when the periscope of a submarine is sighted, he searches until he finds her and gets her to an upper deck just as a torpedo strikes the liner. After the girl twice has surrendered her place to others, Kennedy forces her into one of the last boats, which, in being lowered, is overturned. Singling out Nurse Thompson among the struggling figures, the young man dives into the water and assists her to keep afloat. After some time they manage to seize a drifting boat, which they find provided with food, blankets and oars. During the twenty hours following the girl is greatly puzzled to reconcile Kennedy's kindliness and courtesy with what she evidently has learned from some source about Carroll. However, the American does not reveal his identity. A French destroyer, seeing their distress signal, comes to their rescue.

The pair are landed at Havre by the French captain, and Miss Thompson takes the first train for Paris, while Kennedy remains to tell his story to the American consul, to whom he gives all the letters and papers of Gerald Carroll, alias Fritz Klauss. The consul in turn reports to the secret service, and asks Kennedy to deliver to the nurse a cablegram sent to the consulate. Delighted at the opportunity to see her again, and free now to reveal his true identity, Kennedy prepares to take the next train leaving Havre for Paris. Just before getting on board he succeeds, thru knowledge gained from Carroll's papers, in having two spies put under arrest by the secret service men.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING SURPRISE.

AFTER all, Boyd Kennedy decided, he had much to be thankful for. Lying back in his seat after the outskirts of Havre had been passed, and they were fairly on their way to Paris, he started a little review of his recent experiences. It afforded him considerable entertainment, and had others been closely watching they might have detected a pleased expression creep over his face now and then, as tho certain memories might be particularly agreeable. He sighed, too, but always when one of the aforesaid satisfied looks marked his features; from which fact it may be readily understood that trouble was not giving him any particular concern just then. People can sigh even thru being content.

Presently he began to notice other things than his own individual concerns. The first real knowledge that he did not have the compartment entirely to himself was when he heard a muttered word or two. Evidently his fellow passenger was not in a particularly happy frame of mind; something had gone wrong with his calculations, perhaps; because, when a nation has been at war for thirty months, with several million of the enemy encamped and intrenched on her land, it is hardly to be expected that railway trains can be as comfortable and the time table as reliable as in the balmy days of peace, when things moved along with clocklike regularity.

Boyd Kennedy raised his eyes from staring so hard at his right hand, which it may be remembered had last pressed the little digits of a certain young woman he knew—raised his eyes and took his first good look at the other occupant of the compartment.

He was a man, and evidently a person of considerable importance, at least in his own estimation, judging from his appearance and the serious way in which he took himself. His dress was more or less along the dandified manner, but one glance at his determined features would tell a reader of character he could be no weakling at that, but a man accustomed to forcing his opinions on others. In fact, he undoubtedly possessed an exceedingly domineering disposition, and used his dudish attire as a sort of cloak to hide his real nature.

Boyd studied his face, lying there at ease, with eyes half closed. It was a countenance well worth studying, too, he concluded, for the party must have strong points behind that assumption of a fashion plate; his set jaw and large nose told Boyd this, and he rather prided himself on his ability to read character.

"Here's a chap who is accustomed to bending others to his will, and who seldom fails in whatever he attempts," he mused, idly surveying the other as he tried to read a paper he held, while his features worked under various emotions that seemed to grip him from time to time. "I wonder whether he's an Englishman, or from the other side like myself; but whichever he may be he is mad as hops now over something or other. Here's his suitcase sprawling on the floor, but without any name on the upper lid. I wonder whether I could arrange it so he'll introduce himself without saying a word?"

Thereupon what did Boyd do but get on his feet and make an effort to take a look out of the window on the opposite side of the compartment, in doing which he stumbled over the bag as tho he might not have noticed its presence [illegible]

Instantly the gentleman who owned the same started up in haste

"Really, I beg your pardon for allowing my property to lie there neglected; and I sincerely trust, sir, you did not hurt yourself by falling over it?" he hastened to exclaim.

At the same moment he picked the offending suitcase up, and, with a toss, landed the same in the wide rack over his head. Boyd's eyes followed its upward flight, and he saw what he wanted. There was a name and address printed on the end of the bag, which he could plainly read—"Basil Duke, New York, N. Y., U. S. A."

Suppressing his delight over the success of his little scheme, he hastened to assure his fellow traveler that he had not suffered the slightest damage as a result of his clumsiness

"It was a case of leaping before I looked," he explained, "and you are not in the least to blame, sir. I imagine that you are from the other side, the same as myself. War is always the lure that takes adventurous souls to the front; some of us go as newspaper correspondents, while others are drawn by an irresistible desire to see how modern armies meet each other in battle."

He said this with the idea of letting the other imagine what he pleased concerning his own particular reason for being in France; if the gentleman chose to believe that he had been sent over to write up the stirring events of trench warfare, or the wonderful feats of the Lafayette Flying Squadron, made up of units of American aviators, he was welcome to his belief. At least, the little hint had some results, for the other condescended to offer him a meager amount of information concerning himself.

"Oh! As for my being in France, sir, it has little connection with the terrible mess that is going on in the North. Paris will seem as dead as Julius Caesar to me, with all the lights out after early hours each night. I left little old New York much against my will, but was forced to come across. Beastly voyage, too, and constant anxiety over the U-boat menace. Didn't glimpse a single periscope; beginning to believe it's pretty much all a hoax. Chartered a special boat to fetch me over from Plymouth to Havre; expected to land in time to catch a particular train, but the slow-going Britisher made me lose it by ten minutes. Couldn't coax the railway people to hire me a special, and so I've been held up for three long hours. Beastly shame, this war business, disarranging schedules, upsetting all your plans, and giving no end of bother."

He dropped back in his corner after delivering this tirade, and proceeded to wrap himself up once more in his own particular thoughts. Apparently some important business must have pulled this lover of his ease across the ocean, and caused him to go to such heavy expense while chartering a boat to take him over the English Channel to Havre.

Boyd made no attempt to renew the conversation, but sat there watching his companion's face, listening to him give an occasional disgusted grunt, and idly speculating as to the nature of the business that had forced him against his will temporarily to abandon the delights of the Great White Way in jolly New York, with its lobster palaces and lively cabarets, to journey to poor darkened Paris, where war bread had taken the place of the former extravagant Lucullan feasts.

And while he amused himself thus, Boyd was also cudgeling his brain to try and remember if he had ever known or heard of a party by the name of Basil Duke in his native city. There were several families of that name, he recollected, and at one time he had been acquainted with some people belonging to them; but none of these had been a Basil. But then he had spent so small a fraction of his time in New York of recent years that he could hardly claim to be on speaking terms with those who had latterly forged to the front in the mad race for wealth and position.

Undoubtedly the other must be a man with independent means, for it would take a small fortune to charter a special boat to cross over from England, in these stormy times, when the world's tonnage was being so rapidly diminished thru the constant efforts of the Teuton submersibles.

Then once more Boyd allowed his thoughts to creep back over his own experiences. Strange to say, these excursions seemed never to go further than the foundering of the vessel bound for America, and even then he hurried along until he reached that point where, looking up from the lifeboat, he saw that double line of eager faces along the rail of the French liner, in the center of which picture there was always a certain face, and a white head covering so daintily worn, upon which was embroidered a small but wonderfully suggestive red cross.

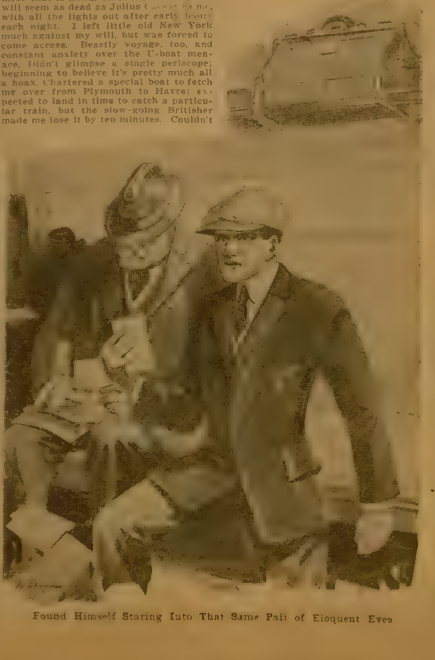
The train did not make very rapid progress, but then it would be rash to expect otherwise, considering what a terrific drain those thirty months had been on the resources of the railways of France, and how few laborers were left to look after the necessary repairs.

Now and then Boyd would turn and glance out at some particularly interesting sight. This usually happened when they were skirting some village that lay snuggled amidst a bower of trees and vines and gardens just beginning to show signs of the approaching season's growth. He noted with a pang how pitifully few were the young men working in the fields, in places none; and when by chance he sighted a well-grown chap, it was perhaps to also discover that he had but one arm; or else helped himself along in the field by the aid of a crutch. France was undoubtedly being bled white; she had almost reached the limit, and the work of her fields was being wholly done by the brave women, the very old men, the cripples, and the children who should have been playing instead of toiling.

So Boyd, lying there, moralized on the horrors of war. Still, he knew it was not altogether bad, because in many hearts it awakened a more sincere love for unfortunate fellow men; and tens of thousands, yes, millions indeed, in his own land across the sea were making sacrifices such as they had never dreamed possible when peace ruled the world. Of course, too, he was thinking of those splendid women, young and middle-aged, who gave up lives of ease to assume their onerous and dangerous vocation as Red Cross nurses, and go forth to play the heavenly part of ministering angels to the wounded, irrespective of creed or country. When later on he again remembered his companion of the compartment and idly glanced that way he discovered that Mr. Basil Duke was sorting over the contents of a bill-book which he had taken from an inner pocket. Apparently whatever was his secret business over here in France, he could not get it wholly out of his mind, and was even then figuring on certain ventures.

Boyd continued to watch. He rather liked to try and gauge the changing emotions as indicated by the frowns and smiles passing across that handsome, yet determined—and calculating—face of his companion. One after another of the letters and papers he looked over, as tho to renew his acquaintance with the contents. Somehow Boyd felt interested in the man. He wondered if he could learn anything about him from some one he knew in Paris, providing he found that party in his old haunts, for great changes were taking place daily in the French capital, and old things had become new.

Then the train slowed up, and with such suddenness that both bill-book and


Found Himself Staring Into That Same Pair of Eloquent Eyes

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[illegible]

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the sheaf of letters and papers slipped from the hand of the nervous gentleman. He uttered an exclamation of disgust, as he frantically endeavored to catch them in transit, but without any success, for they were scattered about upon the floor of the railway carriage compartment.

Boyd never knew just why he took the pains to bother himself assisting his fellow traveler gather up his papers. It must have simply been because he was naturally polite and accommodating; certainly he did not have the slightest idea of trying to probe into any of the other's secrets, and as he picked up half a dozen papers he religiously refrained from even taking a second look at them.

The other was bending down and also rescuing his property, at the same time keeping up a continual grumbling at his clumsiness in allowing the elegant Russia leather bill-book to slip from his grasp.

Among other things that had fallen was a photograph, and it chanced to lie directly in Boyd's way, so that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to reach out his hand and pick it up; also to turn the card around to simply see the face on the other side. Hardly had he done so when he received an electric shock, for he found himself staring straight into that same pair of eloquent dark eyes that of late had so religiously been haunting his memory!

CHAPTER XIV.

AIR CASTLES IN RUINS.

YES, it was without question the Red Cross nurse, altho in this photograph there was not the faintest sign of the familiar insignia to be seen. As he stared at the small picture, Boyd, by some subtle instinct, noted several things that struck him as odd. The first of these was that Nurse Thompson looked like a young duchess, and wore what might be priceless laces about her neck. You see, this traveling young gentleman had once made quite a study of such things, and could distinguish the various types, even in a photograph. Then besides, she had diamonds on that hardly looked like stage jewels. And last, but not least, he saw the trade-mark of the house responsible for the picture, and it was that of the most noted photographer in New York City.

Now, this was a good deal for Boyd to discover in that one stare; but he managed to stamp it all indelibly on his memory, ready to be recalled at will later on, when he felt in the mood for cogitating, and trying to solve riddles.

Then, seeing that the gentleman was observing him with a frown on his face, as tho he did not much fancy the liberties a comparative stranger was taking with his private property, Boyd hastened to offer him the papers he had succeeded in rescuing, together with the photograph, tho he would have given considerable could he have retained this latter.

"I think that is everything you dropped, sir," he remarked coolly, determined not to pay any attention to the frown and the half-sneer which had appeared on the other's [illegible] face.

"Thank you for assisting me, sir," was all the gentleman said, after which he resumed his former occupation of looking over some of the papers; tho Boyd out of the corner of his eye noticed how jealously he first of all secreted that precious photograph inside the bill-book.

Here was something strange, something to ponder over, Boyd concluded. Several remarkable things had happened to him lately, but by all odds this promised to cap the climax. He immediately began to wonder what reason this same Basil Duke could have for carrying a photograph of Nurse Thompson with him and showing such positive signs of displeasure when he discovered a certain young man devouring the same so eagerly with his ravished eyes.

Boyd was far from happy now. He scented a possible crash with regard to those wonderful castles in Spain which had been building in his brain lately, ever since his first meeting with Nurse Thompson, in fact.

Again he studied Mr. Basil Duke. As before, he decided that the man must be one of those rich New Yorkers whose name is legion and who carry with them the stamp of superiority—men who have possibly belonged to the famous Seventh Regiment, and who go thru life with an air that marks them as far removed from the common herd.

He decided that the other was a man of about 55 years of age, tho remarkably well preserved at that, even at that age, handsome of features, and having rather a distinguished look, save when he chose to frown, and then Boyd thought he betrayed a little of the tyrant in his manner, as tho he might have a will that must not be crossed.

Then a cold shiver passed over the one who was amusing himself by studying the other. Really this Mr. Basil Duke appeared to be just the type of a man who might have a young and beautiful wife, whom he had married principally so that she might grace his table and be a credit to his establishment. And the thought which he considered so disagreeable was the bare possibility that Nurse Thompson might oc-

(Continued on Page 25.)

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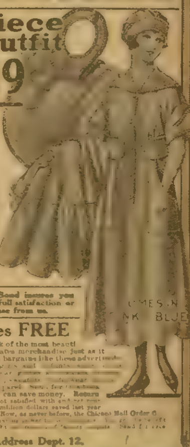

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Only $1.49 will bring this splendid Economy 4-piece Outfit, and it is only one of our many great bargain offers, now yours if you act quickly. We could not make or buy this 4-piece outfit today for anywhere near this price. Our 4-piece Economy Outfit, made of durable, fine quality of percale, which will launder splendidly, consists of house dress, separate skirt, bib apron and cap, made exactly as shown in the picture. Set comes in pink or blue, trimmed with black and white striped percale, sizes 36 to 46 inch bust measure. If you do not find it an amazing value, return it and we will promptly refund your money.
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Can You Solve This Puzzle?

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No canvassing, peddling or selling required to win this beautiful new touring car. Our plan is new. First solve this simple puzzle and send us your answer. The numbers above represent letters of the alphabet, numbered as follows: A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. The numbers above make two words, and they tell the truth. What are the two words? Can you tell? If so, tell us quickly. If you can do this, we will give you a handsome reward free, one that will count and help you win the free automobile. Remember: Nothing to sell, no expense to you. No entrance fee. No money required and nothing obnoxious or difficult to do.

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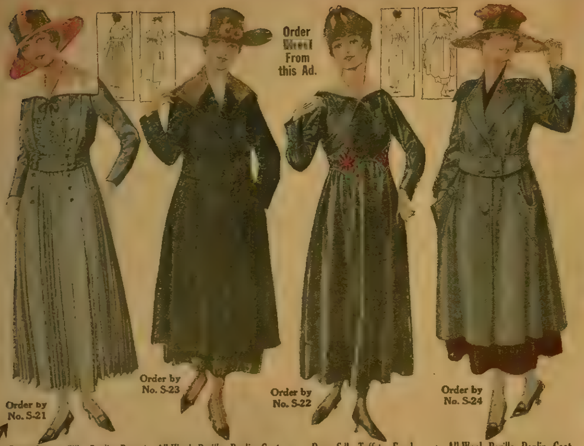

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This stunning dress is made of the finest grade of genuine Susquehanna silk poplin, a material well known for its beauty and service-giving qualities. Made in the popular Belmont style with tailored folds in front and back and elaborate silk embroidery in front. The collar and cuffs are of white silk faille. The skirt is pleated in both front and back [illegible] with buttons. The [illegible] bagen, green or plum. Be sure to give bust, belt, hip and length measurements, also color wanted. No. S-21, Price $12.95.

$1.00 Down; $2.00 Monthly.

All-Wool Berilla Poplin Coat

$1.00 Down

This attractive coat is made of a fine grade of all-wool Berilla poplin. The pretty collar is of broadcloth in contrasting color and enlivened with silk stitching. The coat is cut full and roomy with pleats on either side. The back is cut in high-waisted effect ornamented with buttons, beneath which are numerous rows of shirring. From this on both sides continues the belt in front, fastening with two buttons. The pleats are made with unique V effects and slash pockets. Coat is unlined. Furnished in navy blue, taupe, plum or green. Sizes 34 to 44, misses' 16 to 20. Give size and color wanted. No. S-23, Price $15.95.

$1.00 Down; $2.50 Monthly.

Pure Silk Taffeta Frock

$1.00 Down

This smart frock is made of the finest grade of silk taffeta. The waist part is made with fancy shaped lapels of self material, having an overlaid white collar of silk crepe de chine. The waist part is made with circular Eton effect, having points elaborately embroidered with silk and gold colored threads. Skirt is made with fullness in both front and back, while back is enlivened with wide girdle effect finished with bow and small self covered buttons. The sleeves are the very newest effects. This is a copy of a regular $25.00 dress, but produced to sell at this special price. Sizes 34 to 44 and misses' sizes 16 to 20. Colors, navy blue, plum, Copenhagen, black or silver gray. Give bust, belt, hip and length measurements, also color wanted. No. S-22, Price $14.95.

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All-Wool Berilla Poplin Coat

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Here is a smart coat for spring and summer that is priced within the reach of all. The material is the finest grade of all-wool Berilla poplin. Made with full swagger lines having unique shaped collar and pockets ornamented with buttons. The collar is enlivened with an overlaid silk poplin collar in contrasting color. This coat is cut in high-waisted effect with all-around belt of self material. The belt in back is enlivened with rows of buttons and stitching in buttonhole effect, while the [illegible] in front with two pretty buttons [illegible] seams are carefully bound with sateen. Furnished in navy blue, green, plum or taupe. Sizes 34 to 44 and misses' 16 to 20. Be sure to give color and size wanted. No. S-24, Price $14.95.

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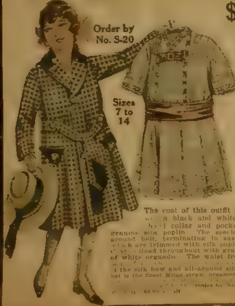

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Three-Piece Girl's Outfit.

We will ship you this; if you are not entirely satisfied return it to us and we will refund your $1.00 with all charges. Think of it—only $1.00 down and the balance in small monthly payments. Order today, right now.

The coat of this outfit is made of fine grade [illegible] in black and white check. The stylish [illegible] collar and pockets are trimmed with genuine silk poplin. The special feature is the all-around belt, terminating in sash effect, the ends of which are trimmed with silk poplin to match the collar. [illegible] lined throughout with gray sateen. The dress is of white organdie. The waist front and entire skirt is [illegible] the silk bow and all-around silk mes[illegible] hat is the finest Milan straw, ornamented wi[illegible] Order by No. S-20. $1.00 Down. [illegible]

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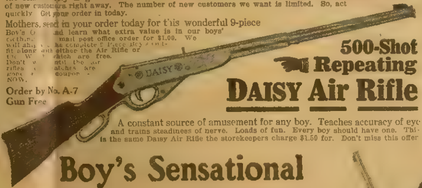
To those who act quickly you can have your choice of either the Daisy Air Rifle or the Handsomely Engraved Nickel-Finished Watch. We do this because we want a large number of new customers right away. The number of new customers we want is limited. So, act quickly. Get your order in today.

Mothers, send in your order today for this wonderful 9-piece Boy's Outfit and learn what extra value is in our boys' clothing. [illegible] mail post office order for $1.00. We will ship you the complete 9-Piece Boy's Outfit along with either the Air Rifle or the Watch which are free. Don't wait until the air rifles [illegible] watches are gone [illegible] coupon NOW.



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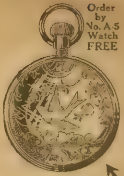
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Yes, only $1.00 down and balance in easy monthly payments. Shipped to you on approval. Your money back if not satisfied. The outfit includes:

- *1 "National" Norfolk Suit*
- *1 Snappy Trench Style Cap*
- *1 Fancy [illegible] Percale Blouse*
- *1 Reversible Silk Poplin Tie*
- *1 Handkerchief with Silk Border*
- *1 Pair Best Wear Black Shoes*
- *3 Pairs of Fast Black Stockings*

"National" Norfolk Suit is made from fancy striped [illegible] finished cassimeres that will give splendid wear. Comes in either blue, brown or gray. [illegible] is made in the new National Norfolk style with 3 fancy patch pockets, stylish [illegible] and [illegible] and Lined with good twill serge. Knickers cut full, made with belt loops [illegible] and adjustable strap at knee. Sizes 7 to 17.
Very Latest Trench Cap with strap and buckle across top and snap fastener on visor. Attractive lining. Made from selected patterns, same [illegible] Size [illegible]
Handsome Fancy Percale Blouse with neat stripes in fast colors. Military attached collar with links, and outside breast pocket.
Reversible Silk Poplin Four-in-hand Tie. Comes in pretty shades—solid colors.
Pocket Handkerchief is made of soft cambric finished lawn. Has narrow red, white [illegible] making it very attractive.
Best-Wear Shoe, made from durable black leather with [illegible] Well made a[illegible] comfort[illegible] Sizes [illegible]
3 Pairs Black Stockings with double knees. Fast color.
Be sure to give size and color of suit and cap and size of shoes.
No. A-5. Price, outfit with watch - $13.95 | No. A-7. Price, outfit with gun - $13.95
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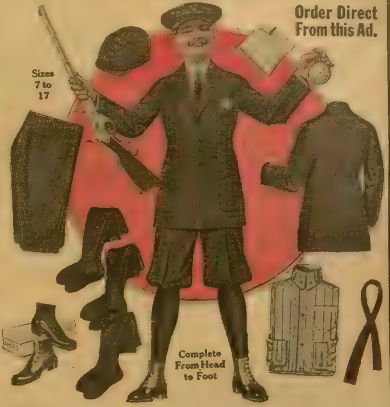
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Color..............Size Suit.............Size Cap [illegible]
Girl's Outfit No. S-20. Size [illegible]
Susquehanna Silk Poplin Dress No. S-21. Color [illegible] Bust [illegible]
Belt [illegible] Hip [illegible] Length [illegible]
Silk Taffeta Frock No. S-22. Color [illegible] Bust [illegible] Belt [illegible]
Berilla Poplin Coat No. S-23. Size [illegible] Color [illegible]
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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS.

A kiss returned is a kiss earned

Six feet of bathtub make all men equal.

The early worm should keep later [illegible]

Nothing surprises some men like their [illegible]

A cheerful lie makes more friends than a solemn truth.

Everybody expects everybody else to set a good exemple.

A forgiving disposition is the first law of self-preservation.

Success will go a block out of its way to dodge a lazy man.

Eagles on the coins should remind us that riches have wings.

You can't tell how well heeled a man is by the size of his shoes.

It is possible for a man to be a failure without having ever failed.

A vivid imagination is often even more dangerous than a little learning.

The slow-going dray horse lands more coin than the average race horse.

Occasionally a couple marry and live happily ever after—they are divorced.

The gas bill may be a light affliction, but getting it receipted is a heavy one.

The more good qualities a man possesses the less he has to say about them.

No disappointment can be quite so intolerable as disappointment in one's self.

Even the man who makes nothing but mistakes is in the manufacturing business.

A cynic is a person who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Love at first sight is easy, but few people can stand the test of a protracted acquaintance.

What some women would like to hear of is a company that will insure against loss of alimony.

Travel often broadens a man's mind and also his girth, if he can afford to stop at first-class hotels.

All the fun of staying out late at night is lost when there's nobody at home to make a fuss about it.

If the young man mixes old rye with the wild oats he sows he is pretty sure to raise a disturbance.

[illegible] idea of a wise man is one who isn't [illegible] enough to try to convince a wom[illegible] arguing with her.

[illegible] never accomplish anything [illegible] are unable to find an easy [illegible] the money.

[illegible] man would feel bored a [illegible] than he does were he [illegible] to associating with him-[illegible]

The Re-Creating Machine

(Continued From Page 4.)

Bring in the machine the sergeant took from me. That'll tell the [illegible] name is mud!"

VI.

AT FIRST, they laughed at him. But he was so serious about it and so determined, that finally a messenger was dispatched to bring the re-creating machine into court.

In the heat of his [illegible] Gideon had taken a long chance. [illegible] during the district attorney's arraignment of Miss Arlo it had suddenly occurred to him that his apparatus was in operation at the time of the revolver incident. If this were so, why couldn't it record the thoughts of folk in a passing auto as well as ——

Why, indeed? And so he had interrupted the D. A.'s caustic conversation by claiming something for the re-creating machine which he wasn't quite sure it could accomplish.

The messenger entered, bearing the instrument. It was placed in Gideon's hands, and in a flash that weedy individual became a new man. His eyes sparkled. The wrinkles that creased his sagging cheeks grew into pockets. His narrow, stooped shoulders [illegible] straightened. At last—at last he had found an audience for his [illegible] invention!

He was no longer nervous. He was no longer concerned about his own welfare. The machine occupied all his thoughts. He dipped into it and removed a fat roll of photographic film, which he handed to the messenger with curt instructions to have the rogues' gallery photographer develop it in a hurry.

Gideon Gates then turned toward the jury, and, in the voice and manner of a college professor of the old school, recited a speech he had long ago memorized for the benefit of a group of indifferent corporation officials.

"For years, gentlemen, I dreamed of a mechanism capable of transforming intangible thoughts into tangible pictures. At first, the idea struck me as being little more than a dream, but as time passed I became obsessed with the desire to work it to a conclusion. I based my growing hopes on the theory that mental impulses are a form of molecular motion similar to that of light. My problem then was to convert thought waves into light waves and photograph them, which, after countless experiments, I succeeded in doing."

Gideon paused, and held the re-creating machine so the jury could see its inner workings. His talon-like fingers trembled with joy.

"First we have a highly sensitized tympanum calculated to draw to itself and record the thought waves of folk in its vicinity." The inventor called his audience's attention to this portion of the apparatus by fixing his queer, little, nearsighted eyes upon it. "Then, directly behind the tympanum, lies the mechanism for converting thought waves into light waves. This is followed, in order, by a powerful lens and light-proof bellows which are backed by a moving roll of photographic film. This is all, gentlemen; and in the matter of justice which you have been called upon to decide, let me say that I was sitting on the curb between Fourth avenue and Poplar street, with the machine in operation—taking down my own thoughts—when a motor car flew by. Almost at the same instant something whizzed across the street and struck the heel of my shoe. It was a thirty-eight caliber automatic——"

There was a stir at the door. The messenger had reappeared; from his stiffly extended hand dripped a long strip of film. Pictures covered it from end to end. Gideon's heart and Adam's apple clashed. Would the pictures prove to be thoughts from the passing motor car, or only his own?

He seized the film, held it to the light, and focused his inefficient eyes upon it. The district attorney hung eagerly over one shoulder, and Justin Lewis hung over the other, while the judge cast a disapproving glance upon the tableau before hastening to join it.

Several of those photographs showed bushy-browed John Clarke Rolland in the heat of a rising passion. They showed him with Vivian Arlo clutched in his arms, pressing kiss after kiss upon her lips and hair, until the desperate girl broke from his embrace and cried out to her sweetheart, who turned, in surprise, from the wheel to find a revolver leveled at him. The girl screamed and struck at her guardian, who grasped her by the throat and pressed the gun muzzle toward her. Together they were thrown to the floor of the car, and in the tangle the weapon exploded, sending a bullet into Rolland's lungs. The financier collapsed. Lewis, observing what had happened just as he was about to bring the car to a stop, changed his mind and hurtled again thru the sleeping streets. Vivian, in shuddering reaction, plucked the gun from Rolland's fingers and flung it into the gutter.

Gideon chortled gleefully. "See! See!" He pointed to the film. "The girl's mind, dominated by a single, tremendous impulse was re-creating, with excited rapidity, the events of the moment when the auto sped by me. And my machine caught it all—every phase of it. And see—there are several pictures of my own thoughts, and others from the astonished mind of Mr. Lewis. Could you ask more from a mere mechanical instrument? Yet the corporations have turned me from their doors——"

Gideon Gates had forgotten that he was being tried for murder. The story of the machine was uppermost in his mind, and the judge and the jurors and even the perenially accusing district attorney listened indulgently to his ramblings.

There were only a few vague points now to be cleared up. Justin Lewis made quick work of them.

"Vivian and I lifted Mr. Rolland's body thru the aisle between the front seats and placed it before the wheel," said he. "We were fearful of the publicity of the thing. Then, too, we felt sure at the time that his would be looked upon as a plain case of suicide. After we had deserted the car and started walking to the trolley, Vivian remembered the revolver. I left her at the trolley station to run back and hunt for it. I readily found the gun, but could not return with it, for Officer O'Brien had it—and innocent Mr. Gates as well—in charge. Next day, Miss Arlo wanted to surrender to the police, but I objected. I felt sure Mr. Gates would be liberated. To assist in this I offered my services as his lawyer. Detective Harrigan then tackled the so-called mystery. Miss Arlo's arrest followed. Then mine. I would have explained things at this time, but for a wish of Miss Arlo's that we keep the scandal from the public ear until it was seen whether or not Mr. Gates was in actual danger of conviction. In spite of Mr. Rolland's conduct, she felt that he had paid the penalty, and that his name should not be made to suffer. But it seems Mr. Gates' remarkable machine has relieved us of the matter entirely."

It had. And the judge was not slow in saying so. The judge discharged all three of them and adjourned court.

Contrary to expectation, Gideon was not angry with the couple for withholding information which might have freed him at an earlier date. He liked them too well for that. And then, after all—hadn't it given him his long-hoped-for opportunity of demonstrating his re-creating machine before an appreciative audience?

He walked with Vivian and Justin Lewis to the door. His nearsighted eyes were bent kindly down upon them as he chanted nonsensically: "City hall: First floor, receiver of taxes; second floor, criminal courts and administration offices, third floor, marriage licenses——'

He paused. "Third floor, marriage licenses," he repeated, more emphatically.

Vivian's cheeks flushed, and Justin, grinning, said: "We're headed there right now, Mr. Gates. Won't you come along?"

A stout gentleman in a frock coat and high silk hat bustled up to Gideon. "Are you Mr. Gates?" he rumbled importantly.

"That's my name," drawled the inventor.

"I'm Maynard. You've heard of me, of course," continued the stout financier. "I have come direct from a body of corporation officials who are awaiting you in the directors' room at the Chamber of Commerce. I've been informed of your re-creating machine, don't you know, and——"

"Tell them for me," said Gideon, carelessly, "that I'm too busy to see them today. I'm going to help a friend get married, and—and—well, you might call again when I'm not quite so pressed for time. Good-by, Mr. Maynard! Good-by!"

* * *

The Sarcastic Critic.

CARL VAN VECHTEN, a New York music critic, said, at a dinner:

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"'But,' said Mr. Astorbilt, 'but——'

"'Don't interrupt me,' said his wife. 'I thought you wanted to know what I heard?'

"'So I do, but——'

"'Well, I heard——'

"'No, no!' said Astorbilt, impatiently. 'What I wanted to know was what opera you heard.'

"'Oh,' said Mrs. Astorbilt, as she began to undress. 'I don't remember. Let me see—I saw the name on the [illegible], but, no, I don't remember.'"

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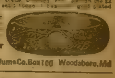

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By Paths of Peril

By Dan A. Keller

The Story's Story.

TONY WOODS, a country boy on his way to New York, falls into the clutches of Jerrold and Chalk, confidence men, but threatens them with a cane and escapes. Tony's uncle, Jasper Sharp, and O'Dell, his partner, are cruel in their treatment of Vesta Moore, who comes to pawn the family jewels. In Evan Bates, a customer, Tony thinks he finds the long-lost uncle of his chum, Billy Bates. Sharp refuses to let Bates redeem his valuables and betrays that he knows Jerrold. Tony is discharged when he takes Vesta's part against O'Dell and gets a job with Erastus Shell, a Government inspector. Tony saves a countryman whom Jerrold and Chalk are trying to fleece. Billy Bates comes to New York and his pocketbook is stolen. He recognizes Sommers, the thief, causes his arrest and recovers his property. A note from Vesta takes the boys to her home from which valuables have been stolen. In the description of a man who limps, presumably the thief, they see Chalk. They see O'Dell slip into the building where they believe Chalk is to be found. Jasper Sharp betrays he is a tool of O'Dell. As the boys leave a movie show O'Dell attacks them. As a climax to an exciting day they rescue the wealthy Mrs. Van Stanley from a runaway. O'Dell tells Jerrold and Chalk to get Tony out of the way. O'Dell goes to see Paul Norton, whom he had hired to rob the Moore home, and the latter, conscience-stricken, mails $10 to Mrs. Moore anonymously. O'Dell surprises Sharp looking over the stolen jewels and threatens him if he tries to return them. The boys are invited to Murray Hill by Mrs. Van Stanley, and each is presented with a beautiful gold watch. They are introduced to Pauline and Carolyn, Mrs. Van Stanley's young daughters. The next day Tony's employer gives him the task of watching for a suspected smuggler of diamonds. While at this work the boy is overtaken by Chalk, haled to a distant building and left firmly bound to a chair. He is discovered by a girl of 16, and finally prevails upon her and her one-armed newsboy friend, Tinky, to release him. Not finding his employer at the office, he goes to his own room, where Evan Bates awaits him. O'Dell arrives unexpectedly and a struggle between the two men ensues in which Bates is victor. Giving Tony O'Dell's office key, Bates sends him after his watch, since the boy knows the combination of the safe. Billy arrives and meets his uncle. Thru threats of blackmail, Jerrold gets Jasper Sharp to indorse his note for $5,000. The latter goes downtown to take from his office safe an incriminating paper, and is surprised there by the arrival of Tony. The boy is allowed to take the watch to its owner, and Bates then permits O'Dell to go, altho the latter threatens vengeance. Next day Billy and Tony recognize him in disguise, and when he enters the home of the Moores and claims to be an officer, Tony exposes him. Jerrold, disguised as an old man of 70, presently comes to Inspector Shell's office in the latter's absence; but before he can injure Tony, who is alone, the boy whips out a revolver from his desk, and holds the man a prisoner until his employer's return. While the inspector is 'phoning for the police, Jerrold manages to escape.

The boys learn that Tobias Green, the old countryman Tony had rescued, now keeping a little shop in New York, is about to be fleeced out of his New Jersey farm by Jenkins, a man who limps. This knowledge they confide to a policeman. Returning from the park where they have overheard an incriminating conversation between O'Dell and Jenkins, the boys are waylaid by Jerrold and made prisoners. Wishing to dissolve their partnership, O'Dell forces Sharp to pay him $10,000 for a written confession he holds. To obtain it Sharp uses money which has been intrusted to him. In desperation he threatens to shoot O'Dell, when the latter informs him that Tony is now safely out of the way, but both boys suddenly appear and announce that they owe their release to a black cat.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or ordered by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 51, December 22.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A WOMAN INTERFERES.

LET us return to the young captives of the old cellar. For some moments te black cat on the beam overheat sat and glared at the two boys, and then with a final cry disappeared.

"Now," said Tony, "now we will see if she can lead us out of this prison."

"Go to work at once!" exclaimed Billy Bates. "I have no hankering for a long sojourn in a place like this."

Since the walls were of rough stone, the boys managed to clamber up and, to their surprise and joy, found a hole into which no doubt the animal had darted.

"It leads somewhere," cried Tony, "and anywhere is better than this place."

With some difficulty the two boys managed to twist their nimble bodies into the dark tunnel, and were soon crawling they knew not where. Their progress was slow and toilsome, but at last they came to the end of the tunnel, and Tony uttered a cry.

"The way ends here," he said. "The cat has gone on, and we are cooped up in a narrow place that promises to be worse than the cellar."

"There may be a door."

The boy felt in the dark and suddenly gave vent to a cry.

"There's a little hole thru which the cat may have gone, but I—wait, Billy, here's a trapdoor!"

"Hurrah!" almost shouted Billy Bates.

Tony had really found evidence of a trapdoor overhead, and was tugging at it with all his strength.

"Can't you force it, Tony?"

"I might if there were more room in this hole," was the reply.

"Let's both try."

"A good idea!"

The boys exerted all their strength, and to their joy forced the trap up a trifle and caught sight of a dimly lighted room.

"It's the way to freedom and vengeance," exclaimed the enthusiastic Billy.

Drawing themselves up into the newly discovered room, they soon got to their feet, and began to take notice of their surroundings. It was a small room and not well furnished. Heaps of litter lay on the uncarpeted floor, and the table was almost covered with clots of grease, as if some one had burned a bad lamp in the apartment. The room was uninhabited.

"The old place has been inhabited once," remarked Tony. "I should not be surprised if we have found a den of some kind."

They did not intend to remain in the place any longer than they could help, and made preparations for an early departure. As Tony laid his hand on the latch of the one door which opened into the room, the shuffling of feet startled both of them and they drew back with looks of dismay.

Then the door was pushed open and a man came in. He was a large person, slouchily dressed, and his mien indicated that he was one of the rougher class. His roving eyes caught sight of the boys immediately.

"What in the name of Heaven are you two young rats doing in my sanctum?" he exclaimed.

"We've just got out of the cellar," answered Tony, resolving to put on the boldest face possible and trust to luck.

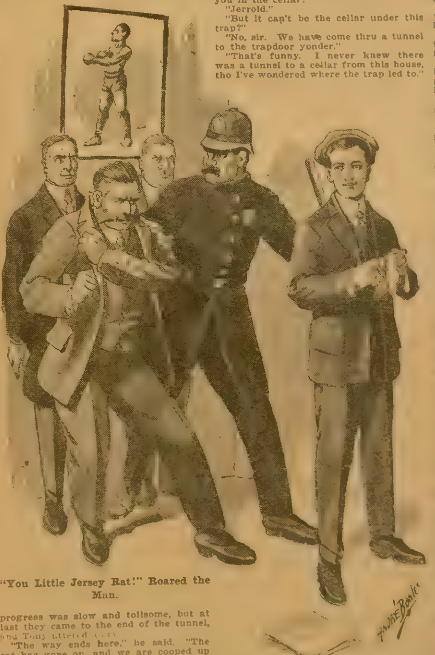
"Out of the cellar, eh? And who put you in the cellar?"

"Jerrold."

"But it can't be the cellar under this trap?"

"No, sir. We have come thru a tunnel to the trapdoor yonder."

"That's funny. I never knew there was a tunnel to a cellar from this house, tho I've wondered where the trap led to."



"You Little Jersey Rat!" Roared the Man.

"Then you are not connected with Jerrold?"

"I am not. I have heard of Jerrold."

"And Mr. Chalk?"

"No."

"And you're not their friend."

"Not by a long shot. But see here, young fellows. I can't have you go out and say where you found Luke Barton."

"We can keep a secret," replied Tony. "If you are Mr. Barton we needn't let the world know it."

"I don't like to trust boys. I got fooled once by doing that very thing."

"But you might trust us," said Billy. "We're from Woodlawn over in

"From Woodlawn over in New Jersey?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir."

"And how in the name of goodness came you two young chaps from Woodlawn in New York, and most of all this room?"

"I've told you that Jerrold, who doesn't like us, thrust us into the old cellar."

"Oh, I see! And you want me to let you out?"

"Why not, Mr. Barton?"

"It's easy to answer that question. I'm a hunted bird."

"You don't mean that you've escaped from somewhere?" ejaculated Tony.

"I'm an escaped convict, to be plain. Now you know why I can't afford to let you out."

"But we must escape. We want to get the best of Jerrold and Chalk and Sam O'Dell."

At mention of the last name Luke Barton started forward and almost jerked Tony from the floor.

"What!" cried he. "Do you know Sam O'Dell?"

"Yes."

"So do I. Do you know that I have cause to hate that man?"

"He's not a lovable man, to say the least," smiled Tony.

"I should say not. He testified against me, and why? Because one time I prevented him from getting the best in a deal with a poor woman."

The two boys took hope once more. Luke Barton began to pace the floor of the little room.

"Boys, I can't! I can't trust a boy ever since one gave me away to the police."

"We'll play fair with you, Mr. Barton," pleaded Billy Bates. "We will keep your secret."

"I trusted the other boy, and he betrayed me," was the reply. "I can't afford to be taken."

"And with the three rascals whom I have named plotting against good people, we can't afford to remain cooped up here."

"Go back to your cellar and get out the way you came in there."

"We can't force the door."

Luke Barton came over to where the boys stood and looked them fairly in the face.

"You look honest, hang me if you don't!" he exclaimed. "If I once thought I could put dependence in you"

"Why don't you try [illegible]" interrupted Tony.

There was no reply to his words, and once more Barton drew back.

Suddenly there came a footstep to the ears of all, and the latch clicked. Before Barton could reach the door it was thrown open and a young woman sprang into the room.

"Who's with you, [illegible]" she cried, casting her gaze around. The next moment it alighted on the boys, and she fell back a step.

"Oh, they're two young rats who got into this place by a tunnel under the floor from an old cellar that belongs to the next house."

The young girl leaned toward Tony and Billy, and eyed them close.

"And they'll peach on you if we let them [illegible]"

"[illegible] Jess, but I can't trust boys."

"That's so, Luke. It was a boy who betrayed you the other time."

"That's just what I've been telling them."

For half a minute the girl called Jess studied the faces that confronted her, and then she looked at her companion.

"They don't look much like city rats," she said, with a smile.

"They're from Woodlawn, in New Jersey."

"[illegible] test them," and Jess plucked Tony's sleeve. "See here, boys," she went on. "Do you know Jonathan Tulkhorn?"

Billy uttered a little cry.

"Don't we, tho? It's old Jonathan who lives on the hill back of the mill and makes willow baskets."

Jess nodded.

"Do you know Amos Stafford?"

"The crippled man who blacksmiths?"

"Yes."

"We know the whole kit of them!" Billy cried.

She turned once more to Luke Barton. "They're from Woodlawn, sure enough," said she.

"See here," ventured the curious Billy. "Aren't you Sue Safford and not Jess Somebody?"

The young girl uttered a cry and her face turned deathly pale.

"Woodlawn folks have been looking for you ever since the night you went away. They dragged the pond and hunted the woods all over and at last gave you up.

"It's Sue, Tony!"

The girl did not reply. Her gaze wandered from the two boys and rested blankly on the wall.

"Your mother's dead, Sue," continued Billy. "She waited for you so long and at last gave up."

There came from the girl's throat a heartrending cry, and she tottered forward. Before Luke Barton could catch her she had fallen to the floor, where she lay on her face, to the horror of the two startled boys.

"She's my wife!" cried Luke Barton, as he stooped over the motionless figure. "She's going to make a better man of me, and I will not be betrayed."

He picked the girl up and held her for a moment in his arms. A smile at last came to her white face.

"They won't betray you, Luke," she gasped. "They come from Woodlawn, where everybody is honest."

"I wish I could think so," was the reply.

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"I'll vouch for them. I'll be their hostage, Luke. Let them go."

"I'll do anything in the world for you, Jess," was the answer. "Out they go!"

Still supporting the girl with his strong arm, the convict crossed the room and opened the door.

"You're free," he said to Tony and Billy.

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Barton," began Tony, when a hand waved him into silence.

"Don't thank me, but this woman here," and his gaze dropped to her face.

The next moment the boys had left the house behind them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAUGHT AT LAST

IT THUS came about that Tony and Billy were enabled to appear at Jasper Sharp's just as Sam O'Dell, having accomplished his purpose, was about to escape. The sleek ruman turned pale when he found himself confronted by the boys. He seemed to forget all about the weapon which he still held in his hand.

The surprise of Jasper Sharp was as great as that of his former partner.

Sam would have pushed past the boys, but they suddenly threw themselves between him and the door, and, disregarding the menace of his revolver, Tony exclaimed: "I guess you know more about the dungeon than you care to tell now, Mr. O'Dell?"

The answer was a vicious snarl.

"You'll let me out," said he. "Jasper yonder will counsel it."

Sure enough the broker nodded to the boys, and they drew aside while Sam O'Dell opened the door and was gone.

"Now," said Jasper, "tell me everything. What about the cat and the dungeon?"

He became an interested listener to the story Tony spun for his benefit, and at the conclusion a smile came to his lips.

"I am rid of Sam O'Dell at last, Tony," he exclaimed. "He and I have dissolved partnership."

"That's good news, uncle. I hope the rascal didn't make a last grand play and rob you."

"Never mind what passed between us," was the reply. "We are two from this moment."

An hour later the boys sat in their room in De Koven street. They had escaped the wiles of Jerrold and the gang, and could congratulate each other to the limit.

"I don't like to think of those fellows remaining at large," Billy said. "They should be behind the bars—Jenkins with the rest."

"If he gets his clutches fairly on Tobias Green, the old man will be stripped of the savings of years," added his chum.

"What time is it, Tony?"

"Just half-past 10."

"Then Tobias' store may be open yet. Why not go down and unmask the scoundrel Jenkins?"

"He might not take our visit kindly."

"We could try."

"Here's a go, then."

Mr. Green was just closing for the night as the boys entered his little store. He greeted them good-naturedly, and invited them to come in.

In a few minutes Tony had narrated their adventures, and besides that he told how they had seen Jenkins in the park with Sam O'Dell, and also detailed the policeman's opinion of him.

"Can it be true?" asked the old man. "He seemed such a nice person, and appeared to be a perfect gentleman. Of course, tho, these policemen know all the rogues in the city, and if that one said Jenkins is one, why, I will have to knock under."

"Of course, Mr. Green. We know that Sam O'Dell is one of the worst of scamps that can be found, and he plays the honest gentleman. Jenkins and Jerrold and Chalk are birds of a feather."

"It hardly seems possible, and yet you are convincing. I'll call Mr. Jenkins down."

"Is he upstairs now?"

"He went up about half an hour ago."

"If you will wait till I get a policeman, you may call him. It wouldn't do to play our hand till we're ready."

Tony bolted off and fortunately found an officer on the nearest corner, to whom he told his story as briefly as possible.

"We've been trying to get a chance at Jenkins for months," said the policeman.

"So he is up to his old tricks of swindling countrymen? I'm not surprised to hear that he may be associated with such sharps as Jerrold and Chalk. As for Sam O'Dell, the broker, I had a little better opinion of him."

Tony was accompanied back to the store by the policeman, who was accosted by Tobias Green the moment he entered.

"Mr. Jenkins has some visitors," said the old Jersey man. "I've just heard several men go up the stairs."

"We may be able to bag the whole outfit," grinned the officer. "It would surely be killing two birds with one stone."

The stairway which led to the room occupied by Jenkins over Mr. Green's store, opened upon the sidewalk, and in a short time the policeman, followed by Tony and Billy, was on the steps. The officer advanced with a good deal of courage and stopped on the landing above.

The boys caught the sound of voices beyond the door, and waited for the policeman to knock. Instead of doing this, the hand of the blue-coated officer turned the knob and pushed the door open.

The sight that greeted the boys was enough to stir the most sluggish blood. A table stood in the middle of the room and a droplight was suspended over it.

Around the table sat four men—Jerrold, Chalk, Jenkins and Sam O'Dell. It was apparent that the officer was as much surprised as the boys.

The moment the quartet caught sight of the policeman they drew back and stared at him. He remained as motionless as a stone statue.

"What's wanting, officer?" asked Sam O'Dell, who was the first of the gang to find his tongue.

The next moment the eyes of Jerrold fell upon the two boys, and his otherwise impassive face turned white. He seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance.

"You will remain where you are, all of you," said the officer. "You are under arrest."

"Not all of us, surely," cried O'Dell. "I am just calling on Mr. Jenkins here——"

"You will make explanations at the station," interrupted the policeman, who had dealt with city sharps nearly all his life. "No doubt you can clear yourself, but you must obey."

There was a show of resistance on the part of Jerrold and Chalk, but before the determined mien of the policeman who faced them they soon drooped their feathers. The officer went to Mr. Jenkins' 'phone in one corner of the room, and called a number at which the face of that worthy grew pale.

Then the officer came back to the table and coolly sat down, while Tony and Billy remained standing, waiting for the next move on the board.

"There's some mistake here," suddenly said O'Dell, rising.

"No mistake at all," answered Tony. "I'll prefer charges against you."

"You little Jersey rat!" roared the [illegible]

"Yes, sir. You have robbed Mrs. Moore of her wedding jewels. You sent a lame man to the house to steal the pawn ticket, and within the last hour you've levied blackmail."

"Has Jasper Sharp told you?" cried Sam.

"Yes, and stands ready to pay you back for your villainy."

O'Dell sank back in his chair. Presently there came to the ears of all the tramp of men on the stairs, and a sergeant of police and five officers filed into the apartment.

"It's quite a haul, officer," ejaculated the sergeant. "What are the charges?"

"General lawbreaking for the present," was the reply. "You can make your spiel at the station." The last words were addressed to the four speechless [illegible]

"I guess this is enough for one night," said Billy to Tony, as they left Tobias Green's store and turned their faces homeward. "The birds were fairly caught, and won't be likely to give us any more trouble very soon."

"Well, we saved Tobias a lot of trouble, anyhow, and have probably forever res-

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results may be expected; kidney trouble in its worst form may steal upon you.

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Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you may need Swamp Root are, being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and night, irritation, sediment, etc.

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Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are sometimes the last recognized by patients, who very often content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease may constantly undermine the system.

Regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

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POULTRY

GETS 28 EGGS A DAY NOW, FROM 34 HENS

Chas. C. White, Well-Known Breeder, Tells How. Costs Nothing to Try.

"I gave Don Sung to 34 utility Buff Orpingtons and the egg yield increased from 7 to 28 a day. Don Sung is a wonder and I am now giving it to all my hens regularly."—Chas. C. White, Manager Cherry Hill Farm, Flackville, Ind.

Mr. White is the well known breeder and exhibitor. He wrote the above letter Dec. 2, 1917, after his test had shown a gain of 21 eggs a day from 34 hens. We will make you the same offer we made him. Here it is:

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that Don Sung pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Send 50 cents today for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 131 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

$8.95 Buys Champion 140-Egg Belle City Incubator
Hot Water—Copper Tank—Double Walls of Fibre Board—Self Regulated. With $5.25 Hot Water 140-Chick Brooder—both only $12.95. Frt. Paid E. of Rockies. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Share in my $1000 in Prizes. Conditions easy. Order now or write today for my Free Book, "Hatching Facts". It tells all. Jim Rohan, Pres.
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CRESCENT POULTRY FARM, Box 16, Des Moines, Ia.

62 BREEDS, Pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys. Hardy northern raised, vigorous, beautiful Fowls; eggs, incubators, at low prices. America's Pioneer Poultry Farm; 24 years exp. Large [illegible] Annual Poultry Book and Catalog FREE.
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50 BEST PAYING VARIETIES Hardy Northern raised Chickens, Ducks, Geese, [illegible] Fowls, Eggs, Incubators at low prices. Large new Poultry Book and Breeders' Complete Guide FREE.
W. A. Weber, Box 23, Mankato, Minn.

sued Uncle Jasper from the toils of Sam O'Dell."

When it came to searching the prisoners at the station, a little packet was found on O'Dell's person, and it turned out to contain the wedding jewels of the widow on Pineapple street, and the large roll of money which was discovered in the same pocket was the amount which Jasper Sharp had paid the rascal for the confession of a little wrongdoing

The next morning the newspapers were full of the arrest of the four, and Tony and his chum were given a great deal of the credit, which they deserved.

"We're getting our names in the papers," smiled Billy, as he held the sheet up to Tony, after reading the account "I guess I'll send this paper to Woodlawn. The boys there would like to read it, and it is better than a letter."

Send it home he did, and then they went down to the police station to see the prisoners arraigned. Seldom had such a lot of crestfallen men appeared in the presence of the police judge After the preliminary trial they were promptly locked up again for the criminal court.

Ten days later a new sign appeared on a certain doorway in the Mohawk building and a good many people were surprised to read:

"SHARP & WOODS,
Loans and Brokerage,
All Clients Fairly Treated."

Jasper Sharp had put the old past behind him, and, with Sam O'Dell out of the way, he resolved to be forever an honest man, a resolution which he faithfully kept.

Tony had the pleasure and satisfaction of returning the wedding jewels to Vesta Moore's mother, and often now of evenings he might have been found beneath the widow's roof.

Billy soon after left his employer and was given a desk in Tony's office, and the boys were on the high road to fame and fortune.

Jenkins and his associates in crime were given the limit of the law for their misdeeds, and business prospered at the office in Gold street.

One afternoon, as Billy was straightening up some papers on the table, he heard a peculiar whine, and upon looking around he discovered a gigantic black cat rubbing against his leg.

"Here's our friend of the cellar, Tony!" he cried, making a dive for the animal. "We'll keep her for a mascot."

"It looks like the same cat, Billy——"

"We'll call her the same one, anyhow. I'll sit right down and tell the boys at Woodlawn how 'the cat came back.'"

And while he was penning the letter, the animal sprang upon the desk, and, with the greatest familiarity, curled up among the papers and went to sleep, to the amusement of the two happy boys

The End.

$50,000 REWARD

Was offered for a clever and daring criminal and Harley Dane thought he recognized the much wanted man in a visitor at the railroad station where he was employed. The reward lured Harley and he took up the trail. It led him into startling adventures. They are told in a new serial for boys, "Fifty Thousand Dollars Reward," which will start in the Ledger next week. Don't miss it.

* * *

Misunderstood.

IT WAS just before school and teacher came breezing into high school with a new hat on her head.

"Where did you get it?" asked one of the girls.

The teacher named the place.

"It looks very chic," said another of her pupils.

The teacher looked very much surprised.

"I'm sorry," she said coldly. "I didn't think it did," and left the room.

A few minutes later the second girl flushed up to the roots of her hair. She flew into the cloakroom, where her teacher was taking off her things.

"Did you understand me to say that I thought that your hat looked cheap?" she demanded.

The teacher nodded, her eyes suspiciously bright. She was young and had thought that it was a pretty hat, and she didn't buy hats every few minutes.

"Why, my dear lady, I said 'chic'." Whereupon they both wept with relief.

* * *

The Two Kettles.

CHINESE CONSUL GOON-DIP of Seattle was talking in his humorous way about marriage.

"There is a great difference," he said, "between the American marriage, where the young people fall in love and get engaged, and the Chinese marriage, where they are spliced first and make each other's acquaintance afterward.

"These two kinds of marriage are like two kettles of water. The first, or American kettle, is taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage, and ever afterward keeps growing cooler; but the other, the Chinese, is a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock, and warmer, so th[illegible] and ever afterward growing [illegible] sixty years we Chinese wives and [illegible]."

Dr. King's NEW Discovery

For Coughs & Colds

At the first sign of a cold—feverishness, sluggishness, tightness in chest, sniffling and sneezing — go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery.

The first dose brings relief, scatters congestion, breaks up that hacking cough. It is successful and satisfactory because it is quick acting and safe. Doesn't upset the stomach, nor does it nauseate.

Children like it. Give it to them for all forms of coughs and colds. Just as effective for old folks too, *especially for grippe*. For half a century it has been the standard cough and cold remedy.

If millions had not used it to their advantage it would not today enjoy its national popularity.

Sold by druggists everywhere—anywhere.

KAW-NEAR INDOOR TOILET

Guaranteed Sanitary and Odorless

Installed in Any Room or Closet in Your Own Home Without Expense.

NO CHEMICAL SMELL

No Sewer, No Water, No Smell, No Trouble

ECONOMICAL, Modern. Protects health, Saves money, Saves time and work. The Kaw-Near Chemical Toilet is the original and thoroughly proven satisfactory Indoor Toilet. No more outside back yard conveniences. No cesspool or plumbing. Destroys all disease germs. Prevents exposure, filth and bad odors of outhouse. Costs less than one cent a week per person. No trouble to install.

FREE TRIAL
NO MONEY DOWN—NO DEPOSIT!

Insures Health, Refinement, Privacy

The environment in which we live has its effect whether for good or bad. Now that the Kaw-Near Chemical Indoor Toilet has been invented to replace the old outhouse, it is sure to be installed by those who abhor the publicity, discomfort and stench of the present outhouses. Women are embarrassed to parade before the world and hate to advertise their goings and comings, all because they have no indoor toilet. Thinking people know that an outdoor toilet hinders the teachings of culture and refinement — especially with growing girls and boys.

Agents Wanted.

Boards of Health Indorse Kaw-Near Toilet

The Kansas Board made an exhaustive test of the KAW-NEAR Toilet and our D. D. Chemical. Under adverse conditions, with PUBLIC USE it was demonstrated that the KAW-NEAR is Sanitary and Odorless and that it kills disease germs.

KAW-NEAR CABINET CO., Kansas City, Mo.

I am enclosing copy of letter received from Prof. C. C. Young, detailing the result of investigation of the chemical action of the Kaw-Near Cabinet. It would seem that the use of the Kaw-Near Cabinet as directed was highly efficient in that it destroys all disease bearing organisms.

I would highly recommend the use of this cabinet with the dosage of chemicals directed, for public schools, in the home and other places where the sanitary disposal of human waste is so important

The most dangerous single place on the farm or in the small town which is a menace to the life and health of [illegible] is the open, insanitary toilet.

This department welcomes and desires to encourage from the standpoint of health the use of the chemical toilet. They not only safe guard the health and the life of the people using them, but from the standpoint of cleanliness, convenience and comfort are well worth the small cost. S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secy., Kansas State Board of Health.

TEST Made in Kansas University
Proves Value of Our Claims

Prof. C. C. Young of Kansas University made a thorough test of the KAW-NEAR Toilet with a number of students (public use) using the toilet. Read what he says:

KAW-NEAR CABINET CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—On the attached pages are tabulated results of the experimental test done in the laboratory with the Kaw-Near Toilet.

At the request of Doctor Crumbine, Secretary of the State Board of Health we started a test on the Kaw-Near Cabinet. The equipment was set up in the public toilet room of Snow Hall, University of Kansas, October 1st, and it was examined several times daily and tests made.

We succeeded in getting a satisfactory elimination of bacteria with the dosage as directed and we conclude from our investigation that the Kaw-Near Cabinet is entirely satisfactory for domestic or public use * * *

At no time has it given any odor and we consider the efficiency very satisfactory and can most certainly recommend it for unsewered residences or communities and highly efficient in killing out the fecal bacteria.

C. C. YOUNG, Director of Laboratory.

Health Boards, Schools, Doctors, Banks, Users, All Indorse The KAW-NEAR

We have sold Kaw-Near Toilets to the U. S. Government, to State and County Officials, to Hotels and Summer Camps, to the big Railroads and to various city water works departments, besides thousands of individual satisfied users all over the U. S. and in Canada and we know that they do all we claim and more.

For Young—Old—Sick Grandmother, grandfather, old and feeble, need this. Many a sick person is made worse by going to outside closet; old people fall or take cold. Save the annoyance of caring for chambers and give them the comfort of a toilet in a warm room. No need to bundle up in cold, rainy, stormy weather; no necessity to dress to answer Nature's call at night. Mother won't have to make the disagreeable trips several times each day with the little ones.

Positive Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that the Kaw-Near Toilet is odorless and sanitary and that our D. D. Chemical does everything we claim for it, and more. We know it is O. K. Try it in your own home. If it doesn't please you, if you aren't satisfied, send it back. You are to be the judge. Two of the biggest banks in Kansas City say we are all right and make good every promise.

Kaw-Near Chemical Does Deodorize, Disinfect and Kill Disease Germs.

We furnish with each toilet one gallon of the famous Kaw-Near D. D. Chemicals which will last the average family from four to six months. We manufacture and guarantee D. D. Chemicals and sell to our toilet users at the cost to handle, which is $1.50 a gallon. The Kaw-Near does not need daily attention—only once in two weeks it takes 10 minutes to empty and recharge.

10 Days Free Trial

Kaw-Near Cabinet Co., 1617 Kaw-Near Bldg, Kansas City, Missouri

Costs Only 1c a Week
Per Person to Operate.

If you could know as we know the source of danger to your friends, yourself, and YOUR LOVED ONES, the old foul smelling, filthy fly breeding outhouse behind your home is, you would not wait five minutes to get a pencil and fill in the coupon. One doctor's bill would pay for a Kaw-Near. Save this money, suffering and time by filling out the coupon today. You take no risk. The Kaw-Near is guaranteed to suit you in every way or you may send it back after a trial in your home. The outside toilet is the favorite breeding place of the house fly. From the vaults of the filthy privy to your table and the baby's cradle is but a step, measured by the fly's wings. Why will you continue to take these chances with the health of your family. SWAT THE FLY by installing a Kaw-Near Toilet. Besides doing this, you have the comfort and convenience of an inside toilet.

Free Trial Information Coupon

KAW-NEAR CABINET CO.
1617 Kaw-Near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me without obligation, complete information regarding the famous Kaw-Near Toilet and your Free Trial Offer.

Name ....

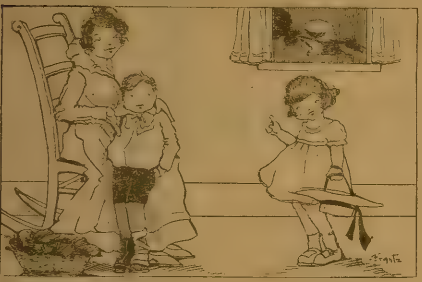
Street, R.F.D. or Box ....

City .... State ....

Please Write Very Plain.

The Mocking Bird

A Story for Children



Then She Jumped Up and Said Brightly: "I'll Run and Get Your Pattern, Auntie."

"IT'S too bad you've sprained your foot, Bobby," said Mrs. Brown, as she seated herself in the little living-room, after doing the supper dishes. "I wanted you to run over to Aunt Sarah's and get a skirt pattern for me so that I could cut out my work tonight and be ready to begin on it early in the morning."

Bobby was sorry, too, and he said so, tho he added bravely, "I could go anyway, mother, I could hop along and it won't hurt very much, besides, it isn't far, you know."

"No, it isn't very far," answered his mother, quite positively, "but you are not going to run any risks with that sprained foot." Then she added thoughtfully, "I would go myself, only I'm expecting your father to call me up over the telephone just any minute, and I don't want to leave the house at all for fear I might miss him.

Nobody looked at Annie Lee all of this time, and nobody made any signs at all of expecting anything of her, but still she felt sort of uncomfortable.

Her foot was not sprained, she was not expecting any one to call her over the telephone, and she was almost as old and as tall as Bobby Brown; besides, it was neither very far to Aunt Sarah's nor yet very dark outside.

Annie Lee was learning how to read, and she could read stories in story papers when she tried very hard now, and I am sure would have succeeded only that she couldn't keep her eyes fixed on the page. Her sight kept wandering to the open doorway, and thru it out into the gathering dark outside.

Annie Lee did not like the dark at all. It gave her a queer feeling, as if something big and soft and smotherly were closing in all around her, so that she couldn't get out at all.

She understood just how queer it made her feel, but maybe other people might think she was afraid, for she noticed that they never asked her to run out in the dark any more.

She didn't at all like people to think that she was afraid, but she was more and more sure every minute that some people did think that.

Everything was quite still and nobody in the room said a word, and yet Annie Lee thought she could feel them thinking, "Don't ask Annie Lee to go, she's afraid of the dark!"

It isn't at all pleasant to feel that people are criticising you in their minds, and Annie Lee couldn't get interested in the story she was trying to read, so she sat quite still and did nothing at all.

Then she heard a noise outside, a strange, wonderful, beautiful noise.

"Oh!" she gasped, and leaning eagerly forward in her chair, she asked: "What is it, auntie?"

"What is what, child?" said Mrs. Brown, not looking up from her reading.

"She means the mocking bird," said Bobby. "They don't have mocking birds where she lives."

"Where is he?" asked Annie Lee, gazing with a new interest out into the darkness.

"Oh, he's outside in the trees somewhere," answered Mrs. Brown carelessly as she went on with her reading.

Now where Annie Lee lived they were not used to hearing birds sing outside at night.

"Who's out there with him?" she asked at length.

"Nobody, goosey," said Bobby, "they sing at night lots of times."

"I sh'd think he'd—he'd be afraid," breathed Annie Lee, in a whisper.

"Why should he be afraid?" asked Mrs. Brown, laying aside her paper at last.

"Afraid of the dark," answered Annie Lee so softly that you hardly could hear her.

Then Auntie Brown laughed merrily. "Why, child," she said, "there isn't anything to be afraid of. The dark isn't anything—it's just nothing at all—nothing but a big kind shadow that comes over the world to rest our eyes, and why should any one at all, even a little bird, be afraid of a shadow?"

That was a new thought for Annie Lee, and she sat very still while she thought about it, and listened to the brave little singer outside in the shadow.

Then she jumped up and said brightly, "I'll run and get your pattern, auntie."

Then before any one could say a word against it, her willing feet were running down the path to Aunt Sarah's house, and all the way she was saying to herself: "Thank you, little bird, for not being afraid of the dark, for not being afraid of a shadow!"

Pretty soon she came safely back into the lighted room with the wished-for pattern in her hand.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Brown gently. "Were you afraid?"

"Course not," answered Annie Lee, smiling brightly. "I'm a good deal bigger than a little mocking bird."

Then she sat down with her story paper and enjoyed her story.

❧

THE RUNAWAY DEWDROP.

A little dewdrop sparkled
  Upon a rose one day;
A sunbeam kissed its petals—
  The dewdrop ran away.
The rose began to wither,
  Until a raindrop fell
And whispered with a tinkle:
  "You'll like me just as well."

The pretty rose was thirsty,
  And spread its petals wide,
So that the welcome raindrop
  Could cuddle down inside.
Then other raindrops followed
  And made the rose so bright
The timid little dewdrop
  Crept back again at night.
—Helen M. Richardson.

❧

WINTER FRIENDS.

If you should look out of your window some cold morning and see a little bunch of feathers seeming to creep around the trunk of a nearby tree watch carefully. Do not cry excitedly, "Oh, there's a woodpecker, a downy woodpecker," for in all probability it is not a downy but his cousin, the white-breasted nuthatch. He and the downy woodpecker do act something alike, but the nuthatch assumes all kinds of attitudes creeping about the tree, and the downy keeps an upright position most of the time and moves in jerky hops. The young downy and the female do not have the red crescent on the back of the head that marks the male bird. The white-breasted nuthatch is the greatest little acrobat of the bird world. He will hang from the tallest branch of the pine and he will run quickly head first down the trunk as comfortably as you would run downstairs. He runs along the under sides of limbs as comfortably as the fly walks upon the ceiling.

The power that enables him to walk upside down is in his little curved claws, which have sharp hooks that catch in rough places in the bark. Because of these hooks it makes no difference to him whether he is right side up.

❧

SCHOOLBOY'S LOYALTY.

Schoolboys usually stand by one another and refuse to betray a companion who is in trouble, and a story, well known in England, illustrates this fact. It is said that the head master of Harrow, a famous English school, was returning from a dinner party one night when he caught sight of a boy who, according to the rules, ought to have been in bed. The boy saw his master, Dr. Vaughan, and ran as if for his life. The teacher pursued and finally caught the lad by his coat tail, but after a lively tussle the boy escaped, leaving the coat tail in the other's hand. It was a dark night and the master had not identified the boy, but he felt sure that he could do that the next morning by means of the missing coat tail. But when Dr. Vaughan entered the schoolroom the next morning every boy in the sixth form had but one tail to his coat! As the boys wear uniforms at Harrow, no identification was possible.

■

INDOORS AND OUT.

The shovel now assumes control
  Wherever you may go;
It's either throwing on the coal
  Or throwing off the snow.

❧ ❧ ❧

Gray Hair Banished

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. 158-A, Chicago, for free book and positive proof. ***

❧ ❧ ❧

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case. ***

❧ ❧ ❧

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Sturdy Iron Men

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Vigor and Vitality Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run-Down" Folks 100 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time

Opinions of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. H. B. Vail, Formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, and William R. Kerr, Former Health Commissioner, City of Chicago.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and sturdy iron men.

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Former Health Commissioner, Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health giving strength-building effect and in the interest of the public welfare, I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my three-score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is largely due today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builder.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital, and a Medical Examiner, says: "Throughout my experience on Hospital staffs and as Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have vainly doctored for various diseases, when in reality their delicate, run-down state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn muscle tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar Iron products and failed to get results remember that such products are [illegible] different thing from Nuxated Iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians [illegible] such a great variety of [illegible] a patent [illegible] [illegible] as well as for nervous, [illegible] conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Your Home in War Time

> *GO BACK to the simple life, be contented with simple food, simple pleasures, simple clothes. Work hard, pray hard, play hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously. We have a victory to win.*
> *—Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator.*

Old Saying Is Wrong.

"WOMAN'S work is never done" is an expression which could be banished forever if efficiency were faithfully practiced in the homes, according to Miss Margaret Haggart, professor of domestic science in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Poor arrangement of utensils in the kitchen is an important cause of waste. Many women double the time of making a cake because they do not group the ingredients all on the table at once. Instead they cream the butter and sugar, then stop to get the flour or run to the ice chest for a cup of milk.

Only a small kitchen can be really efficient. The larger kitchen, found particularly in the country, necessitates hundreds of extra steps. If stove, sink and tables are in the right relation to each other much energy can be saved. In preparing a meal one should not have to retrace one's steps from sink to table and back again.

Washing dishes becomes an art when labor-saving methods are used, pointed out Miss Haggart. For a woman 5 feet 2 inches tall, the proper height for sink, work table or ironing board is twenty-nine inches.

The ideal arrangement of the sink provides a drain board on each side. The drainer does away with all wiping of dishes. The glass must be wiped, of course, because hot water cannot be poured on it. Hot water gives to china a polish which will be destroyed if wiped with a cloth.

Energy can be saved if the woman will sit down to work whenever possible. When one stands there is a strain to keep the body erect.

❧

Ways to Save Coal.

COAL may be saved by keeping an even fire so the rooms will not become overheated. At times when the rooms are not occupied the heat should be shut off from them, in case you use a furnace. Fires should be carefully banked at night, so that they will not allow the house to become chilled. Coal should be put in often and in not too large quantities at a time. Keep a full bed of live coals constantly, but be careful not to overload the fire with too much coal. If the furnace has an open, coarse grate, use coarse coal. If it has a fine grate, use fine coal. It is wasteful to throw large, heavy chunks of coal into the furnace. The lumps should not be larger than three or four inches in diameter. All large pieces should be broken. Frequent stirring of the fire is wasteful, as pieces only partially burned fall thru the grate.

❧

Reasons for Potatoes With Meat.

MEAT and potatoes are a good food combination, and may be a better diet than bread and meat, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. At this time, when a plentiful supply of potatoes makes them cheap, and when wheat and flour are high, the average family, says the department, may find it wise to eat less wheat foods, and to use potatoes instead. Potatoes at a dollar a bushel give more energy and good mineral basis than bread at 5 cents a half-pound loaf.

Most persons like potatoes with meat, and they furnish valuable starch; but it is pointed out that mere starch is not all that is needed, and that the mineral content of potatoes is of value in counteracting the acid-forming substances in meat. These acids are present also in cereals, while vegetables, fruit, and milk have an excess of neutralizing alkalis. Therefore potatoes are better with meats than are rice, bread, and macaroni.

Furthermore, potatoes assist in regulating the digestive tract, to a greater extent than white flour, macaroni, and polished rice. Potatoes may be added to the diet in bread itself by mixing a portion of finely mashed potatoes with flour.

■

Oil for Cooking.

FEW people realize what a great deal of use can be made of oil in cooking, and tho the price of oil has risen considerably it is cheap to fry with because it contains no water like lard, butter, or fat, and it wastes less when frying. If care is taken while frying not to burn the oil, it can be strained after using thru a fine strainer, into a clean basin, and when cold should be covered, and can be used over and over again. Let it cool a little before straining it. When using oil for frying, that is deep fat, put enough into a clean, deep saucepan to half fill it; let it heat slowly and when a faint blue smoke rises from it put in two or three of the articles you want to fry at a time, let them color a golden brown, take them out, drain on clean paper and dish.

❧

Sugar-saving Desserts.

SAVING sugar is imperative at this stage of the war, and the U. S. Food Administration offers the following recipes, tested by practical housekeepers, as ways for the thrifty housewife to aid in the national sugar economy campaign:

PUMPKIN PUDDING — Two cups stewed pumpkin, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup honey or maple sirup, two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one-eighth teaspoon cloves, one-eighth teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon vanilla, one pinch of salt, two cups milk.

Mix all ingredients and bake in greased pudding dish. Serve hot or cold.

INDIAN PUDDING—Five cups milk, one-third cup cornmeal, one-half cup honey, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon ginger.

Cook milk and meal in double boiler twenty minutes. Add honey, salt and ginger. Pour into buttered pudding dish and bake two hours slowly. Serve with tart jelly or preserves.

CHEESE CUSTARD—One and one-half cups cottage cheese, one-half cup maple sirup or honey, two tablespoons milk, three eggs, one teaspoon melted fat.

Press the cheese thru a colander; beat the eggs until light; add them with all the other ingredients to the cheese; mix until smooth. Place in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes.

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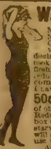

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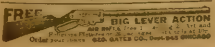

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Falling hair?
Prematurely gray hair?
Stringy, sticky or matted hair?
Itching or eczema of the scalp?
Are you bald headed or nearly so?

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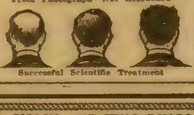

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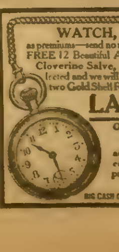

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THE WAR FROM THE HUMOROUS SIDE

"DEMOCRACY" BOLSHEVIK.

Me, a grimy, unshaven roughneck in overalls,
Wearing my muddy boots, smoking an ancient pipe,
Sprawling in a four-poster, empire bed,
Richly draped with silks and lace
I push the buzzer at my hand
And enters an ex-princess.
She has a crown on her head,
And wooden shoes on her feet,
And she bows low and murmurs:
"Lord and master, what wouldst?"
And I growl and mutter:
"Bring me a double order of ham and [illegible]
Bring me also a quart of champagne
And a snort of red eye!
And, say! Tell your royal father
To come in and black my boots!"
Har! Har! Har!

Keeping Up the Tone.

"The neat and even elegant appearance of the American soldier isn't maintained," said the Secretary of War, "without hard work. Yes, the work is hard, but doesn't the result more than justify it?

"On a train the other day a private sat with his tunic unbuttoned, for the temperature was high. A sergeant strode up to him and said:

"'Button up that tunic! Did you never hear of bylaw 217, subsection D? I'm Sergeant Jabez Winterbottom!'

"A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sternly on the shoulder.

"'How dare you issue orders,' he said, 'with a pipe in your mouth? Go home and read paragraph 174, section M, part 9. I am Major Eustace Carroll.'

"Here a gentleman with a drooping mustache interposed from the other side of the aisle.

"'If Major Carroll,' he said coldly, 'will consult bylaw 31 of section K he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offense not lightly to be overlooked.'"

His Ruse Worked.

A perspiring Tommy, burdened with about five tons of equipment, climbed wearily into a bus outside a London railway terminus. There were no vacant seats and no one offered the weary man a seat. He was dead tired and so resolved to get a seat by strategy.

He fished from his haversack a small bomb

"This is one of the things we use out there, you know," he remarked to the interested passengers. "See this pin here? When I pull it out like this it should explode fifteen seconds later. They're pretty deadly, too. If I put it back again the thing's harmless." Then, beginning to search frantically, "Gosh! Where on earth did I put that pin?"

The passengers rose in a body and scrambled for the door, tumbling over one another to get off Tommy watched them go. Then, putting the bomb back in his haversack, he stretched himself full length on the cushioned seat.

Swedish Drill.

They were in the squad under training at a certain military center and furnished a contrast not uncommon these days. One was tall and wiry, the other short and puffy, and an hour of Swedish drill had set the lesser of the two blowing hard.

"I can't stand much of this," he whispered. "I'm simply all in," and at that moment the drill sergeant intimated that he would give them another spell before they were dismissed.

This was too much. The podgy patriot felt it was time to protest.

"I'm really awfully sorry to seem unmilitary in addressing you, sir," he said, "but this Swedish drill is more than I can face in my present condition; besides," he added dolefully, "I never knew we were at war with Sweden."

Their Fathers.

Two little Scotch girls were boasting about their respective soldier fathers. "My father's a soger," said Jeanie.

"My father's a soger tae," retorted Jessie.

"Ay, but my father's a brave man, a terrible brave man," persisted Jeanie; "he's been in a war an' he's got medals, a terrible lot o' medals; an' he's got the Victory Cross, and the King fastened it on with his ain han'!"

"But my father's a braver man than yours," said Jessie, sticking up valiantly for the honor of the family, "an' he's been in a lot o' wars, an' he's got dizzens and dizzens o' medals an' Victory Crosses, an' he's got a wudden leg 'at the King nailed on wi' his ain han'."

The Best Way.

An officer in the British army who is thoroly disliked by his men was returning to the barracks one night when he lost his way and slipped into some deep water. A private happened to see the occurrence, and, running to his assistance, pulled the officer out. The latter was very profuse in his thanks and asked his rescuer how he could reward him.

"The very best way you can reward me," replied the private, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my good fellow," questioned the astonished superior, "then you really wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Ay! If the other fellows knew I pulled you out they'd bloomin' soon chuck me in!" came the frank response

Careful of Horses.

Sergeant (who has lost patience with an awkward recruit)—"Never approach the horses from behind without speaking. If you do they'll kick you in that thick head of yours and the end of it will be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the squadron."

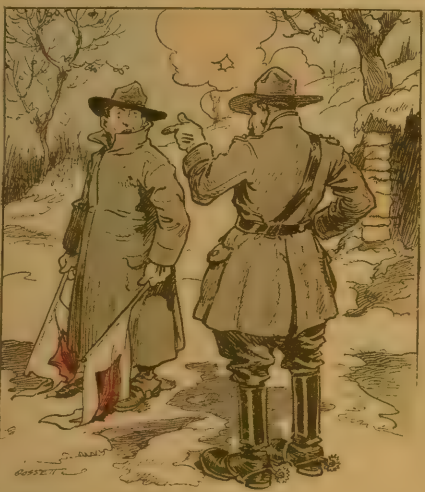
His Cup Runneth Over.

The new chap carrying the mess was a polite lad from the West End.

"How'd you like your coffee?" he asks.

Tommy gazed up amazed, and then quick as a trigger:

"Over the top, mate. Over the top."



Officer—"Are you aware of what you were doing?"
Private—"Yes, sir, I was swinging my arms to keep warm."
Officer—"Not as I saw it. Ten days in the guardhouse for you for wigwagging profanity."

To the Pumps With Him.

"The advantage of conscription," said former President Taft in New York recently, "is that it puts every man in the place best fitted for him. It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand loafing by the rail.

"'What was this chap in civil life?' he demanded.

"'A milkman, sir,' was the reply.

"'Then,' roared the captain, 'to the pumps with him at once!'"

Trials of a Camouflage Officer.

Sergeant-Major—"Beg pardon, sir; I was to ask you if you'd step up to the battery, sir."

Camouflage Officer—"what's the matter?"

Sergeant-Major—"It's those painted grass screens, sir. The mules have eaten them."

Up to Date.

Club Bore—"Say, old fellow, I want something up-to-date in the way of fancy dress for the Vegetarians' Ball tomorrow night."

Acquaintance—"Well, stick a turnip on your head and go as a meatless day."

Sammy's Troubles.

Sammy was making determined but unsuccessful endeavors to light his pipe, and at about the ninth attempt an enemy shell came across, flinging him flat on the ground and plowing up the earth in the immediate vicinity. After he had recovered somewhat he made one more endeavor, remarking aggrievedly, "What with these French matches and this Belgian tobacco, my life very soon won't be worth living."

Bewildered.

When the car left the terminus a very stout lady clad in muslin was hanging onto a strap for dear life.

A very small soldier, who was wedged in on the seat, struggled to his feet, and in quite the old world manner offered his seat to the ample lady.

Smilingly she thanked him, and then, looking rather bewildered, said: "Thanks, so much; but where did you get up from?"

Well Loaded.

He was trudging along, hoping to reach the firing line some time or other. On his right shoulder was his "best friend" and a pair of gum boots; on his left was a bag containing twelve bombs; in front he carried 100 rounds of ammunition, and on his back were strapped a shovel and six empty sand bags, in addition to his equipment and fighting kit. He also carried a tin of water in his right hand and two days' rations in the other.

"Say, matey," inquired a chap who was proceeding on leave and who had handed all his "armor" in, "could you oblige me with a match?"

Neither Do I.

Buttonholed by an overinquisitive reporter, Congressman Foss administered a neat rebuke.

"How long do you think the war will last?" was the final question of a long series asked by the interviewer.

Very promptly the Congressman asked: "How long is a piece of string?"

The interviewer stared at him in astonishment.

"I—I don't know," he gasped.

"Neither do I," said the Illinois leader, cordially. "I'm glad we've agreed about something. Good morning."

An Awful Experience.

The two men in blue were exchanging confidences on the veranda of a big military hospital.

"Did you go to the big society party they gave for us crocked fellows yesterday?"

"Yes," said the other and shuddered.

"What did you think of it?"

"Believe me, old bloke, I'd rather have another ball go thru me than go thru another ball."

NO DODGING.

Each citizen puts up his coin
To make the sum immense
Required for war which we must join
Regardless of expense.
Now must we view without regret
The passing of the day
When you could smile and murmur, "Let
The other fellow pay."

Each citizen must lend a hand
As he is qualified—
To drive a cart or till the land
With industry and pride.
Our easy days we must forget;
It is no time to shirk.
The day is past for saying, 'Let
The other fellow work."

Taking the Cue.

During some recent maneuvers a raw recruit had been told off as orderly.

On reaching the marquee where the officer was he poked his head in and bluntly inquired:

"Have ye anything for me to do, mister?"

Disgustedly laying down his cigar, the officer exclaimed:

"Why the deuce don't you introduce yourself in a proper manner? Sit down," he added, "and I will show you how to report yourself."

The "rookie" seated himself and the officer, proceeding to the entrance, walked briskly into the tent, saluted and said:

"Orderly for the day, sir. Have you any orders for me?"

The recruit calmly picked up the discarded cigar from the table and, between puffs, laconically replied:

"No; there's very little doing today. You can hook it!"

What Tommy Wanted.

The mails from home had been received by a certain regiment. One Tommy received a large box addressed to himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed off to his company's lines and gathered them around him to share the contents of the box.

"Smokes, lads," he cried as he unfastened the wrapping. "From the old man, I know it, and there's sure to be a bottle or two of Scotch."

He opened the box, gave one look and collapsed in a heap. "It's from old Aunt Mary," groaned the warrior. "Bandages an' intment, an' embrocation, an' splints, an' a book on 'ow to be your own surgin."

Pulling Him Thru.

Nothing appeals to the soldier's sense of humor as strongly as the physical eccentricities of his comrades. A tall, lean recruit had just joined up in England. A sergeant and lieutenant were discussing him.

"'E's thin as a ramrod and 'e don't even look strong enough to 'elp in the store," complained the sergeant.

"He'll do to clean the rifles," answered the lieutenant.

"And oo's a-going to pull 'im thru?" wailed the sergeant, in a defiant manner.

Trench Repartee.

The first Tommy was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn.

The second was smooth-shaven.

"I useter have a beard like that till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

But the bearded man was not dismayed.

"Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard."

The Speed of the Boche.

It was a dull day in the trenches and a bunch of Tommies had gathered and were discussing events. After a while the talk turned on a big Boche who had been captured the night before.

"He was scared stiff," said one Tommy.

"Did he run?" asked another.

"Run?" replied the first. "Why, if that Boche had had jest one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Problem of the Political Meeting.

Policemen, 18; merchants, 54; bankers, 32; laborers, 112.

Bible Quotation.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."—Prov., 22:1.

Use the Same Letters.

Pares, pears, reaps, spare.

A Rebus.

Carpet

TO RESIST THE ATTACK

of the germs of many diseases such as Grip, Malaria, means for all of us—fight or die. These germs are everywhere in the air we breathe. The odds are in favor of the germs, if the liver is inactive and the blood impure.

What is needed most is an increase in the germ-fighting strength. To do this successfully you need to put on *healthy flesh*, rouse the liver to vigorous action, so it will throw off these germs, and purify the blood so that there will be no "weak spots," or soil for germ-growth.

We claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it does all this in a way peculiar to itself.

It cures troubles caused by torpid liver or impure blood.

QUINCY, ILL.—"Some years ago I moved to Colorado and the climate did not agree with me, I got all run-down, could not eat nor sleep. I became very thin and weak; my blood was also in very bad condition. I sent to the druggist's for some medicine and he sent me Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it soon restored me to health and strength."—MRS. A. E. GREEN, 833 S. Sixth Street.

BEECHER, ILL.—"Eight years ago I had bronchitis very bad, but I took Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was cured in a few months. Two years ago I had a bad cough. I again took the 'Discovery' and was cured in a short time. Am always going to keep it on hand for it has saved my life. If it had not been for this medicine I believe I would be in my grave."—MRS. HERMAN BREDEMEIER, Route 2, Box 5.

QUINCY, ILL.—"About five years ago this spring I had a very bad attack of the Grip. I doctored to rid myself of it but it seemed as though it would hang on for ever. I had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and decided to give it a trial. It helped me right from the start, and four bottles made a new man out of me. Recently I became ill with another attack of Grip and I took the 'Discovery' with the same good results. I do not hesitate to recommend it."—G. C. WILLIAMS, 503 N. 11th Street.

Dear Reader:— Listen to Me!

YOU CAN BELIEVE EVERY WORD I SAY. If you will, the time you spend in reading this advertisement will be the most profitable period of your life. I can put you in the soap business where you easily can make $150.00 per month. ANY bright man or woman can MAKE MORE MONEY WORKING FOR ME than in any other way. I have hundreds of agents making $2,000.00 a year. I always have been in the agency business myself, and I know it from A to Z. I will teach you how to make sales and make you successful. I HAVE MADE MONEY in the agency business, and many of the agents I have taught have made their pile and retired.

I now have a MUCH BETTER PROPOSITION than ever before—one that makes my agents more money, and I like it better myself. The reason my agents have been so successful is that I do not handle junk, tinware or cheap-John goods of any kind that never lead to repeat orders. I do not pay my agents with premiums. THEY GET HARD CASH and soon have money in the bank. It is repeat orders that make money in any business. Go into any home on Monday morning and you will find them washing, go to the neighbors and you will find they are washing too. It is the same thing all over the country. The demand for soap is unlimited, and repeat orders never cease. Now, what does this all mean? It means that someone is getting the enormous profit from your territory which should be yours. WHY NOT GET IT YOURSELF?

There is big money in the soap business and I give my agents the big end of the profit—a profit so large that I hesitate to state in this advertisement what it is, but will be glad to advise you confidentially when you write me. Suffice it to say for the present that you will be satisfied. I can give you a chance to make such a big profit that you will be more than satisfied with your income and willing to stay with me year after year and be one of my loyal representatives. I personally teach every agent how to make money and make it fast. My plan has been a great success, and I WILL GIVE IT TO YOU FREE. Now, I want to say to every man or woman who is anxious to make money and better their condition, write me. Don't lose a moment's time, but write me at once, and address your letter to A. A. MEETH, GENERAL MANAGER

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PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA

His Red Cross Sweetheart.

(Continued From Page 15.)

cupy such a relationship to this handsome old beau!

He tried to calm himself and look matters in the face. First of all there came his belief that she was, like himself, sailing under an assumed name; that for some definite reason she occupied a sphere for which she was hardly fitted; perhaps taking the place of some woman whom she had known, and who had been about to sail for France as a trained nurse.

He remembered a number of little things now that emphasized this theory; among others her frank, almost pitiful declaration that she feared she might not be experienced enough to acquit herself with credit, once she arrived at the base hospital in Paris. She had unquestionably studied to serve in the capacity of a hospital nurse; but then, of late, Boyd understood that this had become quite a fad with many wealthy young women in America. So in itself such a thing could not be considered singular.

Could it be possible that the little lady of the drifting boat—she whom he had plunged into the heaving sea to save at the time the boat upset, and whom he had held close to him as he swam, to watch over later and guard so carefully when drifting over the fog-covered waters—the girl who had thrilled him with the magnetism of her eyes—was she then the runaway wife of this elegant gentleman, fully twice her years?

Boyd knew the ways of the fashionable world, tho he had as a rule shunned such circles whenever he could. He understood how many unhappy marriages there are in society. He could easily imagine that there might exist incompatibility of temper between May and December, even tho the husband be such a handsome chap with a white mustache and imperial that gave him his military look.

He closed his eyes and tried to picture it all—constant bickerings, and then the final determination on the part of the young wife that she could not stand such an unhappy life longer—the sudden chance to take the place of a former nurse in the family, whom she knew to be starting for France—and finally the assumption of the regalia of the Red Cross, which her halfway knowledge of the duties attending the profession allowed her to carry thru.

Boyd grunted as might a man awakening from a nightmare. He hated to believe that such a dreadful thing could be true, but he feared the worst. And if it were so what should his course in the premises be, as an honorable man? He had already been allowed by a generous fate to assist the lady several times, and why should he not again? This gentleman with the short temper, who insisted on grumbling at everything, as tho he had a grouch against the whole world—if it was her design to avoid a meeting with him, and any action on his, Boyd's, part could further the scheme, he made up his mind he would not hold back.

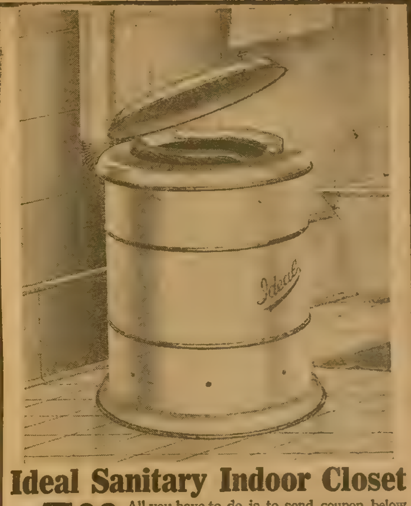
As he chanced to touch the side of his coat he felt the rustle of paper in the pocket. That brought back to his recollection the cablegram which the American consul in Havre had confided to his care, with the instruction to see that it was placed in the hand of Nurse Thompson at the earliest convenient season. Surely, then, this message that came under the sea must have some bearing on the sudden appearance on the scene of Mr. Basil Duke. Some kind friend over in New York, who had been keeping a finger on the pulse of passing events, must have learned that the forsaken husband had started across and sent the cablegram to give her fair warning, so she might govern herself accordingly'

It was all very fine to map these things out so positively as being a solution to the enigma; but nevertheless the result gave Boyd quite a lot of misery. He found himself chewing the bitter cud of disappointment. Then, his mood changing, he laughed softly to himself in a rather satirical way.

"Such a rolling stone as I've always been should know better than to dream that diamonds are to be picked up on the highway so easily," he told himself derisively. "Those who find priceless gems must spend long years in hunting for them. But all the same, if she is Mrs Basil Duke, she hasn't been at all happy with this curmudgeon, and apparently would rather spend her time nursing wounded French poilus than in gracing his princely Gotham establishment. And, by Jove, I'm of a mind to help her give him the slip still further, if only I can figure out a way to do it!"

He seemed to feel almost a savage delight in making up his mind to this effect, just as tho the middle-aged party on the other seat of the compartment had done him a personal injury. Mr Basil Duke, however, had apparently outgrown his fretful mood, for he seemed to have settled down to enjoying a nap. Now and then, when the train was running

(Continued on Page 26.)



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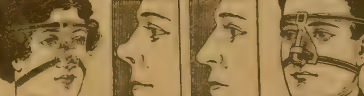

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose Shaper, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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Without An Operation

Wonderful Healing of Rupture

How a New Jersey Man Got Rid of a Severe, Obstinate, Right Inguinal Hernia Without the Slightest Trouble.

Below is a picture of Eugene M. Pullen, a well-known carpenter of Manasquan, New Jersey. If you could see him at his work, particularly when he handles heavy timber, jumps and climbs around like a youth, you would scarcely imagine that he had formerly been afflicted with a rupture.

Ruptured in Right Side.

At an early age, Eugene Pullen was an express driver. He handled railroad baggage. One day after delivering a heavy trunk on an upper floor he felt a pain in the right groin. The suffering increased and it was not long before the young man noticed the swelling.

The doctor told young Pullen that he was ruptured and that he must either wear a truss throughout life or submit to a drastic operation. All surgeons know that hernia operations, with anaesthetics, etc., are dangerous; they may end fatally. Moreover, it is a well established fact that many rupture operations are not successful; the bowel soon breaks through the sewed-up opening and protrudes worse than ever.

Afraid of Operation.

Like most others, Mr. Pullen declined to take the risks of an operation; the expense and loss of time had to be considered, too. Hoping he might get a little better encouragement, he went to another physician who, to his sorrow, gave him even less hope. It was pointed out to the young man that unless the rupture were perfectly held all the time or the surgeon's knife successfully used, he might expect an increase or doubling in the rupture with further complications, or the dreaded strangulated hernia which kills so many ruptured people.

Victim of Trusses.

The victim bought a truss, a hard, spring-like affair, the best he could get. It tortured him. He tried another—still no relief. He was compelled to give up his express business. The hard tasks of ordinary men were forbidden him. He became an insurance agent, in which position he did not need to do bodily work.

For six years Mr. Pullen dragged around, using various trusses, hard, elastic, etc., with never any contentment. One day his mother told him something she had just found out. It was a simple and easy thing for him to do. He lost no time.

Discarded His Truss.

Relief came at once; he almost forgot that he had any rupture. Afterward came a cure—a complete healing—and, although years have passed and Mr. Pullen is an energetic carpenter, working on buildings, climbing over roofs, lifting lumber and such like, he is absolutely free from the old hernia. He knows he is completely, lastingly cured. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble—comfort and contentment from the very outset. He is a strong, cheerful-minded man.

Valuable Information Free.

The valuable information which Mrs. Pullen read in a newspaper many years ago and gave to her son, together with further important facts, will be sent free to any reader of this who writes to Eugene M. Pullen, 1092-D, Marcellus avenue, Manasquan, N. J., enclosing a stamp for reply. Mention the kind of rupture you have, whether on right or left side and what you have already done in your effort to cure it. A legion of cases of all kinds of rupture in men and women, including inguinal (groin), femoral, navel, scrotal, etc., have been reported completely healed. Age seems to make no difference.

His Red Cross Sweetheart.

(Continued From Page 25.)

smoothly and with less friction, Boyd could hear his heavy breathing, and hence concluded the other must actually be asleep.

"If he's chased across here in the hurry I imagine," he told himself, with a touch of sarcasm back of his words, "I suppose now he's lost considerable sleep; and when one reaches his age it must tell heavily."

To hear Boyd sarcastically say that one might imagine he referred to some venerable person, tottering on the verge of the grave, instead of a handsome gentleman with a martial bearing, and showing no sign of age save in his whitening hair and military imperial. But then there may be something of a wide gap between the ages of 32 and 55; and besides, just then Mr. Basil Duke was assuming, in Boyd Kennedy's eyes, all the attributes of a tyrant, an ogre, from whom any lovely young wife might justly flee.

He wished he could hit upon some clever scheme by means of which the gentleman sleeping so soundly opposite him would be detained for a certain number of hours, so that he, Boyd Kennedy, might be given time to find Nurse Thompson, deliver the mysterious cablegram he carried in his pocket, and then in a friendly way warn her of the hovering danger.

He wondered just how she would take it, coming from him, and whether those rounded cheeks would turn scarlet with blushes as she understood that he had penetrated her disguise, and knew the relationship she bore toward Mr. Basil Duke. Going still further, he pictured the pleading look in those big dusky orbs, as she thus mutely besought him not to judge her until he knew the whole painful story.

"And I won't, that's all there is to it!" he told himself, with a closing of his determined jaws, and at the same time actually glaring balefully at the unconscious object of his scorn and contempt, snuggled in the corner with a traveling rug across his knees and enjoying such a delightfully sound sleep.

He wished the gentleman's bill-book would take a notion to slip from his pocket, and once again deposit its contents broadcast on the floor of the carriage. Well, if the opportunity came a second time Boyd hardly believed he would be able to resist purloining that photograph. He could see every delineation of that face by shutting his eyes, it seemed burned in his memory.

But time was passing, and the afternoon wearing away. There had been some delays, so that of course they would arrive in Paris after dark and late, according to schedule; but then no one was optimistic enough in these wartimes to expect anything less, and wise travelers always started out without attempting to prophesy when they would reach their destination; it was always a case of "Providence permitting, I expect to get there some time later."

No attempt was made to light the train as the twilight faded into real darkness; but then this might be only ordinary military preparedness and caution. Paris had suffered more or less from German raids, both by aeroplanes and Zeppelins, earlier in the war, and it had been decreed that all illumination deemed unnecessary should be abandoned. Hence it was no unusual thing for a train to be running without a single light showing.

As they approached the terminal station of the line Boyd was glad to discover some signs of a wretched illumination ahead. At least this would serve to dissipate some of the somber gloom that had settled on things; and those entering Paris might be looked over by the agents of the government, waiting there to make sure that no dangerous secret enemies gained entrance to the French capital.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNPLEASANT OUTLOOK.

AS THE train slowed up in approaching the station, Boyd looked out as best he was able. Weird lights were cutting straight pathways up toward the overhanging clouds. They moved this way and that, crossed and recrossed, and seemed to be trying to cover the entire heavens.

Boyd knew that these were the powerful searchlights, operated from the top of the lofty Eiffel Tower and like places, with the design of baffling any cunning Teuton scheme for hurling a fleet of bomb-dropping dirigibles against Paris. Such attacks had been carried out with more or less success in times gone by; but so energetic was the defense put up by the French that the enemy had suffered considerable loss, and of late there had been a long lapse. Besides, in the growing bitterness of the German feeling toward "perfidious Albion," their energies had for a year or more been concentrated on attacking London, thus bringing the horrors of war home to the English.

Doubtless, Boyd figured, as he looked aloft and marveled, at that very minute a legion of French fliers circled about in space, standing nightly guard over the once gay capital below, ready to engage fiercely any enemy appearing on the scene, and even sacrifice themselves if only they could also accomplish the destruction of the invader.

Just then the sleeper awoke. He must have made up several hours of lost rest by peacefully slumbering there in his corner. Boyd could hear him growling to himself as tho it might be a chronic habit with him.

"We are just getting into Paris, sir," he remarked, "and in a short time will be let out of here. Perhaps it would be wise to secure your luggage, for the authorities may be in a hurry to examine us, and pass us on."

"Thank you, sir," came from the semi-darkness, and he could hear the other getting to his feet with the manner of one whose knee joints had become stiff from resting in a cramped position so long; perhaps a bit from age in the bargain, Boyd maliciously told himself with a chuckle. "I suppose now we'll find no end of trouble securing some sort of conveyance to take us to a hotel. Yes, and the chances are the fare will be simply abominable after we get lodgings; for I understand that the pendulum has swung exactly across here in Paris so that the gay old city we all loved so much has become a veritable gloomy sepulcher, with the cringing inhabitants prowling around after dark like ghosts. And to think that I have been forced to come over here just now, all owing to a ridiculous whim!"

Boyd could not catch anything more of the disgusted gentleman's diatribe, because there came a series of sharp whistles just then to signify that the train was about to stop.

As he himself carried no luggage, he found no occasion to believe he would be held up by the agents of the government or the police, while a search was made of bags and suitcases. He had secured a paper from the consul that he believed would serve to pass him, and prove his identity. If his old-time favorite hotel happened to be open and was receiving guests, Boyd had determined on going there, ready to accept whatever they had to offer in these strenuous times.

Presently the door of the compartment was unlocked, and as Boyd chanced to be on the other side, he had to wait while Mr. Basil Duke first thrust his rather portly figure thru, carrying with him his grip and suitcase, some canes, and other small impedimenta, thus effectually blocking the exit for half a minute.

He could be heard talking in French to some one outside, and catching a mention of the identical caravansary to which he himself intended going, Boyd wondered whether some dispensation of Providence was about to harbor them both under the same hospitable roof, giving him a possible further chance to hinder the movements of the gentleman in search of a runaway wife.

As he himself left the compartment, he felt a touch upon his arm, and turning, saw a small man, with a black mustache and keen eyes, bowing to him.

"Ah! eet ees M'sieu Kennedy I am addressing, I believe?" remarked this party, in fairly good English, as he showed a set of white teeth from under that ebony mustache. "I haf been advise of your coming from Havre. The chief was in [illegible] with the authorities there, as happens efery day in these times. We are charmed to haf you [illegible] ver' instrumental in assisting my government in bringing to ze [illegible] precious spies. Parbleu! Eet ees to hope zen zat while you honor our city wiz your presence you may also do us ze great [illegible] to dis[illegible] over anuzzer of ze mis[illegible]able clan, for alas! I am forced to

(Continued on Page 30.)

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

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Your choice of 1920 suits. We deliver free, let you try your suit and compare with others before you buy. Our prices lowest and no extra charge of any kind; our styles and quality unexcelled. Wear a Paragon suit and know you have the best.

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We pay you big money for showing your friends your suit, advertising us and taking orders. Our agents are sure of success, we show you how, furnish complete equipment, give you everything needed free. No money required. "Simply send us your name and address." Look into this, costs you nothing.

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Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

We Give WRIST WATCHES

Cameras, Moving Picture Machines, Silverware, Electric Flashlights, Lace Curtains and many other beautiful and useful articles for selling Post Cards or Art & Religious Pictures. Sell 20 pkgs. of Post Cards or 20 Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each, your choice. When sold send us the $2.00 and select from our Large Premium List the premium given for selling these goods.

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Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Always ready for use. 35c postpaid for this wonderful instrument.

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Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.

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RAISE BELGIAN HARES For Us

HUGE PROFITS easily and pleasantly made. We furnish stock and pay you $6.00 a pair and express charges for all you raise. Contract and book "Fortunes in Hares," 10c. Nothing free.

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Dept. 3, MILWAUKEE, WISC

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SORE LEGS HEALED

Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.

A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Hunting the Mastodon

(Continued From Page 10.)

weight raised from hungrily grasping mire—and knew that she was saved

Standing in water up to above her knees, on the now firmer bottom of the lake, she turned and calmly faced the raging beast.

Trumpeting madly it had with difficulty backed away from the marshy edge of the lake, and now, on safer ground, stood glaring at her, its little eyes two points of red flame, its trunk lashing impotently in the air.

For all its terribleness, the brute was funny, standing there with wide ears flapping, its little tail grotesquely waving, and Doris laughed, tho more from hysteria than mirth.

But now the men on the heights above had recovered sufficiently to think. A rifle cracked viciously. Again the beast trumpeted, but this time pain was mingled with its raging.

With the sound of the shot, Doris' quick brain once more remembered a vital thing. Under the pain of the bullet in its side, the mastodon now turned squarely facing the cliff, its eyes searching for the source of the sound of the firing. For a brief space it was silent.

Taking advantage of the stillness Doris shrieked: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Not yet! Get the camera working—it's your only chance."

"Wonderful, wonderful woman!" Ayelward murmured, as her words came floating up from below.

In another minute Rogers had the camera box, without the tripod, set on the edge of the cliff. Rapidly elevating it and getting the range, he began methodically turning.

"If you could only draw him closer!" he presently gasped excitedly. "I am getting good stuff, but it would be better if the animal was nearer."

"I got it," Grahame answered, a moment later. Quickly hauling up the rope, he attached to it one of the blankets—a red one. Lowering it within twenty feet of the ground, he ceased paying out the line, and ran up and down the cliff dragging the rope along the edge for a dozen yards.

With an exultant bellow, low, hoarse, triumphant, the mastodon charged this apparently reachable foe, lashing with its trunk at the agitated blur of red.

But Grahame had judged his distance well, and kept the blanket moving just out of the fifteen-foot-high animal's reach, which excited it to angrier striving. And all the time Rogers turned away, getting side, front and rear views as the brute turned about in angry chase

Presently he called: "I've got a thousand feet." Then laughingly, "You'd better start the death scene now."

Under the spell of the picturing, each man had forgotten the horror of the few minutes past. Secure on their high eminence they were glorying in the baiting of the creature. Now his words recalled Doris' position.

Acting on Rogers' suggestion, Grahame drew the mastodon right under the nose of the camera. Then Ayelward, kneeling on the edge of the cliff, opened fire with his thirty-thirty. With the distance less than a hundred feet, he could see momentarily the great splattering holes as the "soft-noses" bit into the gray hide.

Twelve times he fired before a lucky bullet went home to the animal's brain

One fleeting moment the mountainous mass of flesh stood perfectly still. A great shuddering followed. Its breath came blowing out, a long snoofing sigh, the sound like the opening of the safety valve of a great boiler. Slowly it tottered forward, came to its knees, the hind quarters still in the air, then fell over on its side, away from the cliff. Once, twice, the huge legs, oddly like new-fallen tree trunks, tremendous of thickness, moved with spasmodic twitching, then were still—the power of unknown, Promethean ichor, that had kept it wondrously moving on thru apparently unlimited years, defiant of age and time, was done—twentieth-century bullets had triumphed, had wiped out the last of a race

And Rogers turned on till the last move. Looking up, he was surprised to see Ayelward leaning on his gun, his eyes misty, a heavy sadness on his face

"I had to do it," he said mournfully, as Rogers got to his feet. "I had to do it to save her; but the scientific world will curse me when they hear it."

But Rogers, being only a camera man, did not understand, and said gleefully, "Gee, but we shot some pictures!"

He was about to lift the camera, when a voice called from below. "Hey, there, take my picture!" and looking down he saw Doris in the act of clambering over the monster's head. Once again he set the camera in motion, and pictured her in a dozen positions on the dun gray form.

The dreary march back to civilisation with the pictures began. It was thru them the adventurers planned to convince the world of what they had seen. But their troubles were not yet over. The conclusion will be reached in the next installment.

* * *

Decided to Walk.

AN EMPLOYE of a large American granite company was once driving from a railway station with several casks of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load, when he overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation, the pedestrian climbed into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder casks. He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or, rather the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said, cheerfully—"that is, everything that is stationary." Not receiving a reply, he continued, "I had half a mind to hire a landslip or a glacier just for speed, you know, but I suppose we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time, then he broke forth with:

"I say, stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to strike a match on the cask.

"If you are goin' my way," said the driver lazily, "this is just as fast as it will be; but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, jest light that match on that blasting powder—and you're there now."

The young man decided to walk

* * *

One for Father.

ONE day some one sent me up a box of cigars from the cigar store downstairs. Arthur, my office boy brought them in and stood near my desk while I unwrapped the package. As I opened the box I said to him jokingly—as he was too young to smoke—"Will you have a cigar, Arthur?"

And Arthur replied:

"I don't smoke, but my father does"

So I said: "All right, take one for your father."

He picked out a cigar and put it away in his inside coat pocket. As he started away I said to him, more out of curiosity than anything else: "What does your father do, Arthur?"

Arthur remained silent and blushed deeply. It made me more curious than ever.

"Come, speak up," I urged

"He k-k-keeps a cigar store," stammered Arthur as he bolted off.—Puck.

Birthdays.

"I[illegible] think of it [illegible] laimed Mr[illegible] dexterously tossing a pan[illegible] orrow is Cousin E[illegible]

"[illegible]" asked Travers, reaching for the Vermont maple sirup from Iowa. "I thought she had a birthday about two weeks ago. In fact, I'm almost positive she had, as the bill came in yesterday for the present we sent her."

"Oh, tut, Henry! You must be thinking of Ethelyn's. I know it was not Eileen's. Eileen has come to the place where one birthday a year is all-sufficient."

"It's her own fault. If I was in her place I wouldn't have any. I am for the abolishing of all birthdays. This will warn you that if you contemplate giving a surprise party for my next birthday you have time to change your plans."

"How unsentimental! Wouldn't you like a little home gathering—just a few close friends, you know? I'd invite forty-one guests, and have a big cake with forty-one tiny electric lights sticking out all over the frosting, and you'd get forty-one nice presents."

"Well, I don't know," said Travers. "And when the guests went home they'd have forty-one laughs at my expense. Going home in their limousines such remarks as the following would be passed "Did you see everything planned to give us the idea that he is only 41? If he isn't 51 I'm no judge of a horse's age.' 'He's 41 all right, but how much plus that I'd not tell.' 'Forty-one! And he doesn't look a day over 57.' 'He's about 49, but his wife gave him eight years off for good behavior.

"Once that there's a birthday held in one's honor one's real age is lost to the world. If you gave a party on my forty-first anniversary no one among those present, except ourselves, would know what year it was we were celebrating. It's a foregone conclusion that none of them would know my exact age. I'd be everything from 50 to 66. As far as any one of them making me younger than I really am—it wouldn't happen.

"For that, and various other reasons, I'd advise Eileen to cancel all forthcoming birthdays. She may have a party and receive presents, but when the guests leave they'll give her something she doesn't want. Each one will give her a year or two for good measure."

"Bosh! I'd like to have a little party in my honor on my next birthday."

"All right," replied Travers. "If you would just as soon be known as 42, instead of 32, go to it!"

No More Getting Up Nights!

Bladder Weakness Quickly Corrected by Recent Scientific Discovery In Old and Young.

Send For FREE 50c Package.

You who have to get up at least once, and maybe six or eight times every night because of bladder weakness, and who have almost forgotten what the restfulness and luxury of an unbroken night of untroubled sleep is like, should surely welcome the wonderful, scientific discovery incorporated in Kellogg's Brown Tablets.

"Oh-hi-hum! It's Tough to Have to Get Up This Way Every Night!"

Of this agent, a noted physician and scientist of Washington, D. C., said, in an address before the American Therapeutic Society: "That the aged sufferer passes his nights like in the days of his prime * * * is the reason of the claim for a symptomatic cure."

Send coupon today, with six cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing, for a free 50c trial box of Kellogg's Brown Tablets, to Frank J. Kellogg Co., 538 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

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FRANK J. KELLOGG CO.,
588 Hoffmaster Blk., Battle Creek, Mich.

Kindly send me, Free, a 50c box of Kellogg's Brown Tablets. I enclose 6c in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

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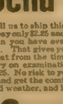
SCIATICA SUFFERERS SOON RELIEVED

Peculiar, darting, piercing pain of neuralgia in sciatic nerve relieved by Sloan's Liniment

Don't think there's no help for your Sciatica because you've tried other remedies. Sloan's Liniment is so penetrating and effective, it gets right down and stops the pain by relieving the pressure on the irritated nerve. Probably some inflammation or congestion is causing this irritation. The counter-irritant effect of Sloan's Liniment soon quiets the nerve and stops its paroxysms of protesting pain.

Simply bathe the aching part with a little Sloan's Liniment. This clear, clean liquid will not stain the skin. It gives you immediate relief without rubbing. The wear and tear of suffering from Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises or other external aches not only makes you less able to endure the pain, but may have a weakening effect on your strength. You can always get Sloan's Liniment. Generous size bottles at druggists everywhere.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN



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$1.99

FREE!—GENUINE EASTMAN PREMO FILM PACK CAMERA, Size 2¼x3¼, for selling 25 Art and Religious pictures, or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. Sent prepaid. GEO. GATES CO., Dept. 1548, CHICAGO

Send No Money

Just tell us to ship this fine durable Sweater Coat. When it arrives, pay only $2.25 and if you find it the greatest Sweater Coat bargain you have ever seen, send $1 a month until the price is paid. That gives you four months to pay and you can wear the coat from the time it arrives. If it isn't absolutely satisfactory on examination, send it back and we will refund your $2.25. No risk to you at all. Your decision rules. Send now and get the comfort this coat will give you during the cold weather, and it will be ready for next season, too.

Sweater Coat

Made of good quality wool yarn knitted in the heavy rope stitch, and has a wide shawl collar that turns up and fastens around the neck. The wide button and button[illegible] are reinforced with sateen. This splendid [illegible] has two side pockets and elastic knitted [illegible] around the wrist. Colors, Oxford [illegible], Maroon or Navy Blue. Sizes: 36 to 46 breast [illegible]. A special value at this low price.

Order by No. 768. Price $6.25. Terms $2.25 on arrival. Balance $1.00 per month. Be sure to state size and color wanted.

Coupon Brings It

Your simple request is all that is necessary to bring this bargain wool Sweater Coat. Just send coupon. Remember, you can return it if you don't find it a [illegible] and a wonderful value. Send today.

Stanley-Rogers Co., 1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 173 Chicago

Send Wool Sweater Coat, Size.......... Color..........
I will pay $2.25 on arrival and $1 a month until $6.25 is paid—if I keep it. If not satisfied after examination I will return it and you will refund the $2.25

[illegible] ....
[illegible] .... Age. ....
[illegible] ....

WILL $360.00 GIVE FORD AUTO

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a $360.00 1918 Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker will be rewarded. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you at once **1,000 Free Votes** toward the $360 Ford Auto and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several $40 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Auto. Someone will get Ford Auto—WHY NOT YOU!

FARM LIFE, Dept. 251 SPENCER, IND.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated La[illegible] set [illegible] ALL GIVEN FREE [illegible] jewelry [illegible] today

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. [illegible], East Boston, Mass.

Helping Win the War

MRS. NORMAN DE B. WHITEHOUSE is one of three or four persons selected by the Committee on Public Information to go abroad in an effort to bring to the minds of the German people, thru neutrals, the exact aims and intentions of the American people. Mrs. Whitehouse is the first woman to go abroad on such a mission.

* * *

Two Aged Women Workers.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Mass., claims the champion nonogenarian women war workers of Middlesex County, as it has two women, 90 and 91 years of age, who are busily at work these days doing for the warriors of 1918 what they did many years ago for the soldiers of 1861.

Mrs. Mary S. Ware was 91 in January, while her close rival for the honor of champion, so far as age is concerned, is Mrs. Mary E. Brawn.

Mrs. Ware is kept very busy these days making, especially, floor cloths for use in the hospitals at the front. She has knit bandages, wristers, caps and even tried her experienced hand, with success, on a sweater. Her eyesight is perfect and her hearing acute.

When the Civil War began Mrs. Ware was living in Gloucester; when the hostilities broke out she was on a visit in St. Louis, where she went thru many thrilling experiences. On one occasion she was invited to a party in St. Louis and, as it happened, she was the only person with Union tendencies present. A[illegible] expresses it, "All the other guests were sesech people." Some one at the party suggested the singing of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," a popular secession song at that period. Mrs. Ware immediately objected and insisted that if any patriotic song was to be sung, it must be the "Star Spangled Banner," and the "Star Spangled Banner" it was.

Later, when going up the river in a steamer to Alton, the crowd on the boat started to sing "Rebel" songs, but [illegible] stopped by a Union soldier, who warned them that "that tall woman over there is from Massachusetts, and she will not allow secession songs to be sung."

During the Civil War Mrs. Ware occupied most of her time in work for the Union soldiers. She knitted socks and bandages, picked oakum and lint with which to bind up wounds, and made quantities of shirts and other garments at "sewing bees" which were held daily all over the North during the Civil War.

Mrs. Ware had one brother in the Civil War, who was brought home wounded. After the war her family moved to Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. Mary E. Brawn, who runs Mrs. Ware a close second for honors in the aged knitting line, became 90 years of age in August. She is knitting wristers, socks and bandages for the Red Cross, and keeps at it from morning to night.

Mrs. Brawn has worked for the soldiers in two wars and has a very distinct remembrance of her labors in the Rebellion. She lived in Avon, Me., at the time, and made stockings, shirts and many other articles for the men in the field. She had four brothers in the Union ranks, and about all her mother and she did during the years of the civil strife, she says, was to knit and sew for the boys of the family and the soldiers generally.

At that time, she says, the women could easily keep track of their friends in the Army and of their wants. Communication was easy compared with the present and specific wants of the men from the various towns were taken care of by the stay-at-home citizens easily.

* * *

This Family Hooverizes.

ONE of the wealthiest families of San Antonio, Texas, is Hooverizing splendidly

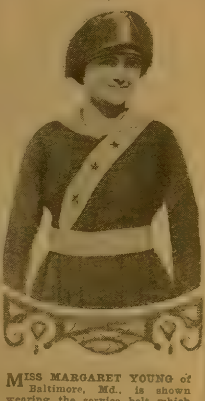
The family in question numbers seven, with three of the children under 15 years of age. Altho the home is large, all servants have been dispensed with except a colored woman, who comes twice a week to do the washing and other heavy work. The wife and mother does her own cooking.

In addition to the household duties a cow and chickens are kept. Fifty-one friers were sold last summer and enough is used by the family to save five pounds of meat a week. Enough milk is sold to feed the cow and enough left to provide enough for the family. The chickens produce three and one-half dozen eggs a week. By careful planning of menus there is no waste from the tables. More than 200 cans of fruit were put up last summer. The household expenses, including feed for the cow and chickens, run from $40 to $50 a month. The feed bill averages $12 monthly. For November the expenses were as follows:

Vegetables	$10.15
Butcher bill	5.80
Groceries	19.84
Feed	7.05
Total	$42.84

Milk and butter sold during the month brought $17.50, which reduced the $42.84 to $25.34. The hay for feeding the cow comes from a small irrigated farm. Corn meal is eaten twice daily. Other foods are oatmeal, sirups, honey, chicken, beans and cheese. Meat other than chicken is eaten twice weekly. Instead of buying bacon sliced it is bought in "sides" The grocery order is given twice a week. All bread scraps are used in puddings and dressings. The children are given very little candy, but much fruit. The candy bill for the children is 50 cents a month.

* * *



MISS MARGARET YOUNG of Baltimore, Md., is shown wearing the service belt which she advocates for women who have loved ones in Uncle Sam's service. Three members of Miss Young's family have joined the colors and she is shown wearing the new belt with three service stars. The belt is of white satin ribbon, in Sam Brown style, with red stars, which when worn with a blue dress form the national colors.

* * *

Her Mite a Big One.

WILL you let me tell you of what one woman in Portland, Ore., has done? A minister called on her to ask that she take a membership in the Red Cross. She told him her husband was in France, yet insisted on giving the preacher $1 of the only $1.50 she possessed. Her 8-year-old child clamored to give 25 cents from her bank "to help daddy."

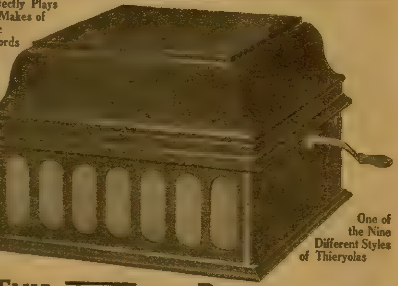
G. R. F.

* * *

Runs Husband's Office.

WHEN Clarence R. Hotchkiss, a member of the Portland, Ore., Realty Board, went to war as a captain in the United States Army his wife promptly took over his real estate and insurance office, and it is reported that business has not suffered as a result. Mrs. Hotchkiss has not neglected her home affairs to do this, however. She has done all her housework and, on the side, for several months has been taking training to fit herself for service as a Red Cross nurse if she should be needed. She is one of three of a class of thirty-two to be graduated as qualified nurses

Perfectly Plays All Makes of Disc Records


One of the Nine Different Styles of Thieryolas

THIS THIERYOLA PHONOGRAPH
and twelve beautiful selections of music

50 Cents!

After 10 Days Trial, as First Payment

Yes, for a limited time, this THIERYOLA—with six 10-inch double disc 65c records (value $3.90) included FREE, is yours in your home on ten days free trial. The complete phonograph! The machine that perfectly plays all makes and sizes of disc records. The instrument that brings to your home the whole world of phonograph music! Yours on trial without advance money. To return at my expense if you wish. But yours now on the most extraordinary terms ever advertised—simply a half dollar AFTER the free trial—and the balance in little monthly amounts.

Why? Why buy a phonograph that plays only one or two makes of records? Why buy an old style machine that limits you in the amount of music you can play on it? Why buy a machine that necessitates extra and bothersome attachments in order to play different records? Why not have a THIERYOLA—the complete phonograph—the machine that plays all disc records perfectly?

And Enjoy the Whole World of Phonograph Music!

The owner of a THIERYOLA Phonograph can enjoy the whole world of phonograph music, because the THIERYOLA plays all disc records perfectly. All the world-famous Bands and Orchestras, the world's leading Singers and Artists—in fact all music now recorded on disc records is within your easy reach if you have a THIERYOLA. You can get all the disc records you wish direct from me at special prices, or you can secure your records wherever it is convenient for you. You will receive monthly information regarding records.

Write Now! Before this Offer Expires!

Before Prices and Terms Must Increase! CATALOG FREE!

Get the details of these truly wonderful offers NOW! Postpaid without obligation on your part. Send the coupon below or merely a postal card, but do it N-O-W, because the increased cost of material and labor may force the withdrawal of these terms and prices before sixty days have passed With this opportunity confronting you, there is no longer the slightest reason why you should do without music in your home. So write NOW. For NOW you have your choice of nine different styles of THIERYOLAS on the most extraordinary terms ever advertised.

$1.00 After Ten Days Trial

This Large Size Thieryola only $1.00 as first Payment and $3.90 worth of Disc Records Included Free.

THIERY PIANOS
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On the market fifteen years. Sold direct to homes—no agents—no middlemen. More than 50,000 homes are enjoying Thiery Pianos and Organs which they purchased direct from me. Thirty days' trial, two or three years to complete payment. Check on the coupon below the catalog you want.

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MAIL THIS COUPON

J. B. THIERY, President
J. B. Thiery Co.,
Dept. 12
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Send me free and postpaid, full details, catalog, etc., as checked below, all without any obligation on my part. Boyce's Weeklies.

☐ Phonograph Offers
☐ Piano Catalog
☐ Organ Book

Check with (X) the catalog you want.

Name____________________

____

Or Just Send a Post Card

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

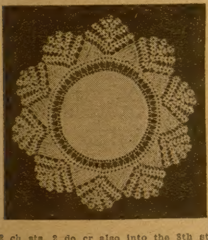
Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Fan Pattern Lace for Doilies

By ELIZABETH BERNE

THIS attractive lace can be made of any size thread and any depth desired. It rounds perfectly and does not require an adept in the art of crocheting, as the stitches are very simple. Number 30 or 50 mercerized crochet cotton makes the most satisfactory edges for doilies. Start with 9 ch sts.



First Row—2 do cr into the 8th st, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr also into the 8th st, 7 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—2 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr all over the 2 ch sts of previous row, forming a fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 10 do cr all over the 7 ch sts of 1st row, 9 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—1 si cr into next do ch, * 9 ch sts, 1 si cr, repeat * catching into each do cr of previous row, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Rows—Repeat 1st and 2nd and 3rd rows, in rotation;; at the end of 7th row, make 4 ch sts, 1 si cr into center of last loop of 4th row, 4 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—Repeat 4th row. Continue for the length required around the doily and join; this forms a narrow lace for edging tumbler doilies.

For the larger sizes make this foundation, then add:

First Row—5 ch sts, 1 do cr over the connecting loops, * 7 ch sts, 1 do cr, 5 ch sts, 1 do cr all over center of 5th loop, 7 ch sts, 1 do cr, 2 ch sts, 1 do cr all over next connection, repeat *.

Second Row—* 2 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr all over 2 ch sts of previous row, 5 ch sts, 10 do cr all over 5 ch sts of previous row, repeat * for this row.

Third Row—* 3 ch sts, 2 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr all over 2 ch sts, 3 ch sts, ** 1 si cr, 9 ch sts, repeat ** for each do cr, repeat * for this row.

Repeat these 3 rows for the depth desired. On the outer rows make the fans of 3 do cr, 2 ch sts, 3 do cr, and if necessary add 2 more do cr to each group, forming the large fans.

For the scallops, make * 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr into the center of each loop, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

On the inner edge connect the loops by ch sts, to form the curve to the lace; whip this to the edge of the hem with fine thread. Double featherstitching covers the hem and finishes the dolly.

Coverall Aprons for Little Folks

THE growing mind of the child is often developed by the most simple means. In childhood, play means the most important part of her life. The little girl loves to imitate her mother in almost every way possible, just as her brother can hardly wait the time when he is a man and can do the things daddy does.

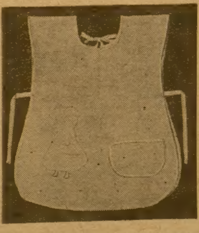
This little coverall apron, cut on the same lines as mother's, will bring much joy and be fraught with a serious lesson for the little miss of 4 or 5 years. Then the decoration portrays something she can understand; in fact, it is a familiar figure to her, a page out of her own picture book. And it has a pocket. A pocket means more to a child of this age than many of our choicest possessions mean to us. Lastly, mother has embroidered this apron.

From mother's point of view, this apron has many attractive features. The materials are inexpensive; 40 inches of yard-wide unbleached muslin makes two aprons, as the widest portion is 18 inches wide. Of colored chambra, one often has plenty scraps about the house. The figure requires a piece 7 inches hign by 5 inches wide, and the bias binding of the same is cut 1 inch wide and folded. If purchasing the material ½ yard is needed. Narrow white tapes form the ties under the arms and at the back of the neck.

The figure can be drawn with a pencil or stamped from a pattern. If one has a hemstitching attachment to her machine, it is the work of a few minutes to applique the figure; if not, a narrow buttonhole stitching, with stitches a distance apart, can be speedily made. The lines thru the figure are quickly outlined with twisted white cotton. The feet are outlined on the muslin, with a dark shade of cotton to match the chambra. Of the same shade are the dots scattered on apron and pocket.

Fold the muslin double, sloping from the widest width 18 inches across the bottom to 13½ inches at the waist and 15 inches across the shoulders. Measure down 3½ inches front and same back and cut out the neck; from this piece the pocket is formed.

The coverall apron has proven so popular with the grown-ups because, as the name implies, it covers one's dress completely. For the same reason, this will prove very satisfactory for the small child. The material of which it is made recommends itself for wear and washing qualities. The soft cream color gives a pleasing background for the colored trimming and the all-one-piece makes the ironing an easy matter.



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FILING PATTERNS.

It has always been a problem to keep tissue paper patterns for dressmaking in an orderly way. Some use a bag, others a drawer, but a large shoe box is convenient. Fold the patterns neatly, place in the original envelopes and file them in an upright position, names at top. Leave the lid off the box and place it on a shelf in the linen closet or cupboard, where you can readily glance thru the row and draw out the pattern desired. To be even more systematic, they could be arranged with skirts, waists, etc., together.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Save and use leftover odd colors of sewing silk for basting silk fabrics, satin, chiffon, crepe, velvet and materials of that sort. Sewing silk will not mark the material as will cotton thread.

When you hem use a very fine needle and thread appropriately fine for the material. The right side stitches will be much smaller than when the hemming is done with a medium coarse needle, and the nervous effort to keep the stitches small on the right side will be greatly reduced.

Cut the basting threads in garments at rather short intervals before you attempt to remove them. To pull the length of a long basting thread from a garment is to risk tearing the fabric or at least separating the warp and woof fibers. The difference of time between the two methods is negligible.

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(Continued From Page 26.)

confess, m'sieu, zat we haf zem with us in spite of ze firing squad!"

Of course, this was spoken in the lowest possible tone, so that no one might overhear a single word. It gave Boyd a peculiar sense of satisfaction to know that his work was so fully appreciated by the gentleman in charge of police circles in Havre. He remembered the consul saying that he was very well acquainted with the head of the gendarmes, and also that he meant to put him in full possession of the facts in the case; evidently, then, he must have rather overdone the business of speaking a good word for his fellow countryman, since they believed he, Boyd Kennedy, had placed the entire French nation under heavy obligations.

Mr. Basil Duke was still complaining of the delay, the exasperating slowness with which he found it possible to secure a conveyance; the necessity of having his luggage searched, when it had been gone over at Havre, piece by piece—indeed, he was showing a testy nature, Boyd thought, as he caught his grumbling tones.

Then, as tho a ray of sunlight had suddenly illuminated that dingy station, Boyd Kennedy had an inspiration. Its very brilliancy caused him to hold his breath for several seconds, while he clutched the idea and held on doggedly.

The old saying, "Everything is fair in love and war," flashed into his mind, allowing him to club any scruple that may have threatened to arise and trouble him. True, the carrying out of this suddenly conceived little scheme might prove disastrous to the peace of mind of a certain individual who loved his own comfort; but then, those who ventured into a country at war for thirty months ought to know they must meet with many inconveniences.

Determined not to draw back, when such a golden opportunity to assist beauty in distress came ready to his hand, he turned upon the quiet-looking French secret service man, and plucked at his sleeve.

"Listen, my friend," he said, impressively. "It is true that my name is Boyd Kennedy, and that I am an American whose heart is wholly with brave France in this terrible world war. Also, that I had the good fortune to be of a little assistance to your people at Havre, in discovering and causing the arrest of a couple of the dangerous German spies. You have frankly asked that if the opportunity again arises I should pass along any information I may chance to possess—give you the benefit of any suspicion that is in my mind. Is this so, m'sieu? Am I correct in my understanding of what you said just now?"

"We would be delighted to have m'sieu designate such an atrocious person!" exclaimed the agent, rubbing his hands together after the manner of a pleased child at being given a new toy. "Eet ees a compliment you pay to ze cleverness of ze force in Paree. Eef only m'sieu he tell ze name of zis party, believe me something happen, and pouf! he find heemself behind ze bars zat quickly!" He snapped his fingers.

"All right," said the American, wishing to strike while the iron was hot, and also not meaning to allow himself a chance to regret the move he intended making, tho it did seem rather hard on Mr. Basil Duke. "Listen further, please, my good friend. I have come all the way from Havre with a party in the compartment of the railway carriage. He has been acting very suspiciously. I watched him out of the corner of my eye; I listened to his grumblings, and I said to myself, 'You have certainly something on your mind, something very secret, something that might not bear the light of investigation.' Do you get that, m'sieu?"

"Oui, oui, m'sieu, perfectly. And as you say eet ees indeed suspicious. Kindly inform me to whom you are referring, so zat we do not make ze mistake of arrest ze wrong party. Zen you shall see how quickly justice moves in Paree, while ze war shadow is on ze land. Before now spies zey haf been taken one hour, and ze next it ees a firing squad, and ze hole in ze ground."

"Oh! This may not be quite so urgent a case as that, you understand!" exclaimed Boyd, rather taken aback by such hot language. "I only dimly suspect this party. He may be entirely innocent, and be able to prove his identity when given an opportunity. All I would ask is that if you see fit to arrest him he be kept incommunicado until some time tomorrow, when an investigation can be made. I should really insist on your giving me your promise, m'sieu, that no harm should be done to him until he had been actually proved guilty."

"Zat I promise on ze honor as a gentleman, sare. And now tell me, ees eet ze fussy old gentleman who ees make so much noise over yonder wis ze examiner of ze luggage, and using ze bad language in ze bargain?"

"That is my companion of the trip from Havre," said Boyd, grimly and feeling almost as tho he might be signing a death warrant. "He claims to be an American gentleman, just landed at Havre via special steamer from Plymouth. Which may all turn out to be very true, but I believe it would be wise to have him kept locked up for some hours, until his standing can be proved. This is a time, I can easily understand, when it is much better to err on the side of safety than to take chances, and let a dangerous spy get away."

"M'sieu Kennedy, I thank you very much. He may be what he claims, but zere ees also a possibility zat we may uncover anuzzer mare's nest by arresting ze gentleman of ze loud voice. I shall now make ze arrangements for zat interesting occasion."

Just as the other was moving away Boyd clutched him by the sleeve

"One last word with you, m'sieu. Of course, you will not at any time let the gentleman suspect I have had anything to do whatever with his unpleasant predicament? It would annoy me exceedingly, and moreover might interfere with my future value to the welfare of your beloved France."

"Ah, sare! Depend upon it, ze gentleman he will not know anyzing but zat he ees under suspicion, and tomorrow will be given ze chance to prove himself a friend to ze republic. Again I thank you, m'sieu."

He bowed several times while backing away, for even the secret agents of Paris, being Frenchmen, can be polite. Boyd prepared to enjoy the proceedings. He would not allow any scruples to annoy him. After all, Mr. Basil Duke would only find his accommodations for that night at least somewhat poorer than he had calculated on experiencing at the hotel; but if he would insist on visiting poor war-distracted France when things were at sixes and sevens, he must expect to put up with all sorts of unusual conditions.

He was still doing a deal of blustering, while an agent rummaged thru his bag and suitcase, throwing his personal belongings this way and that, while looking for secret compartments, and all manner of suspicious matter. The second agent had by now joined the other, and they put their heads together, conferring mysteriously. Mr. Basil Duke ceased blustering to watch them uneasily, as tho suddenly seized with a suspicion that he had not as yet reached the full limit of his "inconvenience."

The two agents now arose, and stood one on either side of the gentleman of the bag and suitcase. Boyd Kennedy drew a long breath and waited, anticipating a rich spectacle, and justifying his part in the same on the plea of expediency.

Thrills are added to Kennedy's adventures in the installment which follows. He continues his investigations on the portly and apoplectic gentleman whose plans he has delighted in upsetting and as a result he gets himself into new situations.

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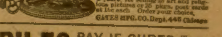

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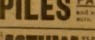

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AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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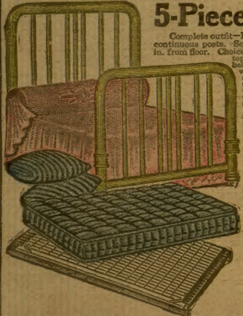
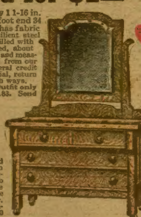
5-Piece Bed Outfit Shipped for $1.00



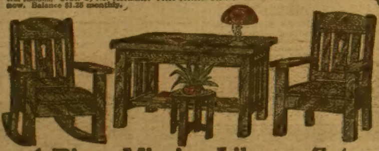
Complete outfit—Full size bed, spring, mattress, two pillows. Bed has heavy 1 1-16 in. continuous posts. Seven ⅝ in. upright grouped fillers. Head end is 54 in. and foot end 34 in. from floor. Choice of White or Gold Bronze (Vernis Martin) finish. Spring has fabric top fitted on heavy angle iron frame, is supported at ends by resilient steel helical coil springs. Mattress good grade sanitary cotton top well filled with wood fibre. Covered with neat striped ticking. Weighs, burlaped, about 50 lbs. Pillows filled with specially blended selected hen feathers and measure full 18x25 in. Covered with durable striped ticking. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse. Order this remarkable bargain on our liberal credit terms. Remember, if you decide not to keep it, after 30 days' trial, return it and we will refund your payment and pay freight charges both ways.

Order white finish by No. 153RMA19. Price for Complete Outfit only $14.79. Order Vernis Martin finish by No. 153RMA20. Price $14.83. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 monthly for either finish.

Handsome Dresser Shipped for $1



See what an extra value this dresser is. Made of seasoned hardwood finished to resemble quarter-sawed oak. Rich golden oak finish. Has French bevel plate mirror 20x16 in. with two artistic standards braced by back-guard. Base top is 40x19 in. Two overhung drawers and two full length drawers. At our low price this is one of the most striking bargains that even this great house could offer. Send and see for yourself on our guarantee offer. Shipping weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from our factory in Central Indiana. Order by No. 189RMA9. Price $10.89. Send $1.00 now. Balance $1.25 monthly.



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A very special Hartman value that will add beauty and utility to your home. Send for this splendid 4-piece set on our 30 days' free trial offer. Only a dollar now brings it subject to your approval. Made of seasoned solid oak, rich, fumed finish; correct Mission design. Chair and rocker very roomy and have genuine quarter-sawed oak arm rests and top panels, also have neat carving. Seats are upholstered over steel spring slats, well filled with wood fibre and covered with soft cotton jute. Upholstering in imitation Spanish brown leather. Table is 24x34 in. and is ornamented with carving and attractively designed panels. Tabourette has octagon top about 11½ in. across and stands 17 in. from floor. One of the most superb bargains ever offered in Mission furniture. Carefully crated and shipped direct from our factory in Western New York State. Order by No. 110RMA7. Price for the complete set $12.98 Send only $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1.50 each.

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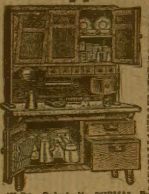

Saves work in the kitchen. Has everything right at hand. Sent on 30 days' free trial. A sensational bargain. Solid oak. Has 40 lb. capacity flour bin with metal sifter. Spice drawers. 7 lb. capacity sugar bin. Rolling pin rack. Roomy china cupboard. 42x25 in. white-wood table top. Removable kneading board. Handy utensil cupboard with wire rack. Bread and cake box. Drawer bottoms 3 ply lumber, will not warp or split. Base mounted on invisible slides. Moves easily and does not scratch floor. Height 65 in. Glossed golden oak finish. Shipped from factory in Central Indiana. Shipping weight 175 lbs. Order by No. 277RMA3. Price $15.95. Send $1 now. Balance $1.75 monthly.

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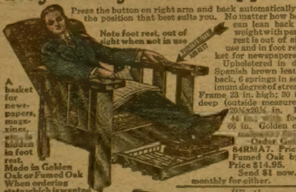

Note foot rest, out of sight when not in use

A basket for newspapers, magazines, etc., is hidden in foot rest. Made in Golden Oak or Fumed Oak When ordering state which is wanted

Press the button on right arm and back automatically adjusts itself to the position that best suits you. No matter how heavy you are, you can lean back with your whole weight with perfect safety. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather; 8 springs in back, 6 springs in seat, offering maximum degree of strength and comfort. Frame 23 in. high; 30 in wide; 37½ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20½x20½ in. Length reclining 44 in.; with foot rest extended 66 in. Golden or fumed oak or mahogany finish.

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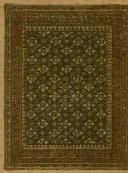

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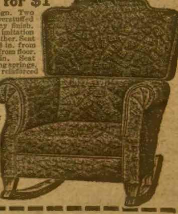
Be sure to give size wanted.

Roomy Overstuffed Rocker Shipped for $1



A superb design. Two panel back. Overstuffed arms. Mahogany finish. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Seat 19x20 in. Back 23 in. from seat. Seat 15 in. from floor. Total height 40 in. Seat rests on nine strong springs. Back and seat reinforced with steel bands. A big, roomy, easy chair that gives comfort to body and elegance to the room. Shipping weight 55 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Western N.Y. State. Order by No. 94 RMA 7. Price $8.95 Send only $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

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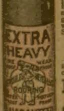

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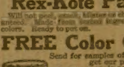

Send for samples of colors and get our prices before you do any painting. Post card request brings them.

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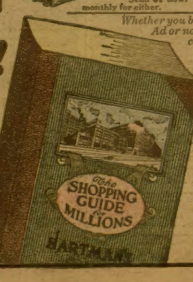

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Send me the merchandise marked X it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms given in this advertisement. $1 is enclosed for each article marked.

☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA19. White Finish. ☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA20. Vernis Martin Finish. ☐ 4-Piece Library Set. No. 110RMA7.
☐ Rocker. No. 94RMA7. ☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA7. Golden Oak Finish ☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA8. Fumed Oak Finish.
☐ Dresser. No. 189RMA9. ☐ Kitchen Cabinet. No. 277RMA3. ☐ Roofing and Paint Book and Samples ☐ Catalog Only
☐ 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. Rug. No. 30RMA15. ☐ 9x12 ft. Rug. No. 30RMA16 ☐ 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Rug. No. 30RMA17.

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